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WOTTON REINFRED.

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Chapter I.

"SURELY," said Wotton, as he sat by the clear evening fire engaged in various talk with his friend, "surely, my good Doctor, the poet is wrong; and happiness if it be the aim was never meant to be the *end* of our being." The old Doctor gave a quiet smile. "Happiness!" continued Wotton with increasing vehemence, "Happiness! where is it? The foolish cannot find it, the wisest have sought for it in vain. Not on the towering heights of royalty, not in the houses of the rich and noble, not down in the thatched hut of the peasant does it dwell. The ambitious, be it in the cabinet, the battle-field, or the counting-room, discovers after a thousand mocking disappointments that he is a hapless drudge; the voluptuary dies despicable and wretched, like a putrid gourd; Brutus exclaims 'O virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substance, and must I find thee a shadow?' But Science! Yes, Science! And what does Science teach us? The wisdom of living? The nature of our own being, and the art of directing it aright? Alas! alas! on these things she speaks not but in enigmas; for darkness and the shadow of doubt rest over the path of our pilgrimage, and at our journey's end the wisest of us can but exclaim with the old sage: *Foede mundum intravi, miser vixi, perturbatus morior!*"

"Do not forget his prayer," said the other, meekly.

"Yes! *O causa causarum, miserere mei!*" cried Reinfred, looking upwards, with the tears almost starting to his eyes. "*Miserere mei!*" repeated he, throwing himself down on the table, and hiding his face in his hands.

His cousin looked at him sympathisingly, but spoke not.

"And yet," cried the other, starting up, and throwing back his head to conceal the wetness of his eyes, "if He DO NOT hear me? If there *is* no ear to hear me; and the voice of my sorrow peals unreturned through the grim wilderness, and only the echo of the dead rocks replies to me in the gloom! O heaven and earth, what am I or where am I? Alone! Alone! They are dead, all dead, buried beneath the ground or faithless above it, and for me there is no soul that careth! Forgive me, my father," continued he, after a moment's pause; "I do you wrong, but I am very weak; and surely these things will kill me soon."

"Dear boy," said his friend, "you are not to blame, you take the matter like a young man as you are; because hope has hid herself you think she is utterly fled. Tush, I tell you, all this is nonsense, and you will see it yet though you think my words but wind. You were twenty-two last Christmas, and the life of man is three score years and ten. You have much to do, and much to learn in this world; only nature must have her course, nay, she is teaching you even now, teaching you with hard but useful stripes, and you will act your part the better and more wisely for it."

"It is acted already," said the other bitterly, "and the curtain is dropped, and I have nothing more to do but undress, but shuffle off this mortal coil."

"Dropped? Ay, but not the green one; it is the painted curtain that has dropped, and the first act truly is done, and we have other four to come to. Pity that our interlude of music were not gayer, but we must even put up with it, sighs and groans though it be. O Wotton Reinfred, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. I swear it is even so," continued he, rising into his usual lively tone. "There hast thou sat pouring over thy Geometries and Stereometries, thy Fluxions direct and inverse, by the Newtonian and the Leibnitzian method, thy Universal History, thy Scotch Philosophy and French Poetics, till thy eyes are dazed with so many lamps, and for very light thou canst not see a glimpse, and so in thy head the world is whirling like a sick man's dream, and for thee it has neither top nor bottom, beginning, middle, nor end! I care not for thy scepticism, Wotton: I tell thee, it will grow to be belief, and all the sounder for thy once having doubted. I say so because thy froward mind is honest withal, and thou lovest truth sincerely. But deuce take it, man! I would have had thee pleading in the courts like a brave advocate——"

"Illustrating the case of Stradling *versus* Styles," cried Reinfred, hastily, for the talk displeased him. "Spending my immortal spirit, in vain jangling, for a piece of bread? I have bread already."

"So much the better! But the honour, the use to others——"

"May be strongly doubted," cried the youth, still more sharply.

"Well, I grant it would not do," said the Doctor, hastening to quit this rather thorny province. "Thou hadst a heart too, but we could not master it; six months of the *Institute* had no whit abated thy aversion, nay, thy horror; and at last, when I saw thee after a resolute night as *Justice of the Peace* absolutely seized with a kind of *tetanus* or *locked-jaw*, I myself was obliged to vote that we should give it up."—"Heigho!" ejaculated Wotton. "But now, in Heaven's name," continued the Doctor, 'what is it that should so over-cloud thee, nay for ever benight thee notwithstanding? Are we not here in thy own walled house, amid thy own freehold fields? Hast thou *no* talent that this world has use for? Young, healthy; a proper fellow of thy inches; learned too, though I say it, for thy years; and independent, if not rich! Pshaw! Is thy game lost because the first trick has gone against thee? Patience, and shuffle the cards! Is the world all dead because Edmund Walter is a scoundrel jackanapes, and——"

"Good God!" cried Wotton, starting from his seat, and pacing hurriedly over the floor, "can you not spare me? What have I to do with Edmund Walter? The tiger-ape!" cried he, stamping on the ground, "with his body and shoulder knots, his smirks and fleers! A gilt outside, and within a very lazar-house! Gay speeches, a most frolic sunny thing; and in its heart the poison of asps! O the——But I will not curse him. No, poor devil! He but follows the current of his own vile nature, like the rest of us. God help him—and me!" added he, pausing, with a deep sigh.

"Yet it is strange," said the other, "how this puppy could muster rhetoric for such a thing. Strange that for a cap and feather Jane Montagu should have——"

"Doctor!" said Wotton, turning towards him abruptly, with a look striving to be calm. "I shall request of you never to mention that name in my hearing again."

"Pooh, think not of her, or think of her as she merits. A selfish minx after all; brighter talents, but no sounder judgment or truer heart than the rest of them; a worthless——"

"Oh, do not blame her! Who knows how much or how little she

was to blame? The thraldom of her situation, her youth, that cold cozening cruel woman; all things were against us. No, worthless she was not; and if her heart was false, it was doubly and trebly false, for she knew the light and yet chose darkness rather than light. But could she love that caitiff? She must have loved him! Oh, there is a dark baleful mystery over it which I shall never pierce through. Would she were gone from my thoughts, gone as if she had not been; for here the remembrance of her is but a curse. Was it not hard? One only hope, and that to mock me with the Fiend's arch scoff! The world was dead around me, the last heart that loved me in the cold grave; all efforts baffled, one by one the green places of my universe scathed and blackened into ashes; my whole life one error, a seeking of light and goodness and a finding of darkness and despair. I was to myself as a frightful mistake; a spectre in the middle of breathing men, an unearthly presence, that ought not to be there. And she—oh, fair and golden as the dawn she rose upon my soul. Night with its ghastly fantasms fled away; and beautiful and solemn in earnest shade and gay sunshine lay our life before me. And then, and then! O God, a gleam of hell passed over the face of my angel, and the pageant was rolled together like a scroll, and thickest darkness fell over me, and I heard the laughter of a demon! But what of it?" cried he, suddenly checking himself. "It was a vision, a brief calenture, a thing that belonged not to this earth."

He stood gazing out upon the starry night. The old man approached, but knew not what to say. "Do they not look down on us as if with pity from their serene spaces," said Reinfred, "like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the poor perplexities of man? 'Herrliche Gefühle erstarren in,' &c. Their brightness is not bedimmed by any vapour, the mists of our troubled planet do not reach them. Thousands of human generations all as noisy as our own have been engulfed in the abyss of time, and there is no wreck of them seen any more; and Arcturus and Orion and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them on the plain of Shinar. Oh, what is life, or why should we sorrow or joy over it when it is but for a moment? What is all the earth, and all that inherited or shall inherit it? Blot it out utterly and it is not missed from the Creation. Blot *me* out, and shall I be missed? Shame on me, foolish child, to whine for such a toy!"

"Truth, virtue, beauty are in man," said the other; "they are older than the stars, and will live when these too have returned to the void

night whence they were called forth in the beginning. O Wotton, my son, thou wilt know and feel this at last, though now thou know it not; and affliction will be precious which teaches thee such knowledge." Wotton shook his head. "But I am wrong," continued he. "Why do I lead thee to such thoughts? It is a poor philosophy which can be taught in words: we talk and talk; and talking without acting, though Socrates were the speaker, does not help our case but aggravate it. Thou must act, thou must work, thou must do! Collect thyself, compose thyself, find what is wanting that so tortures thee; do but attempt with all thy strength to attain it and thou art saved."

"Wanting?" said Wotton. "Wanting? There is nothing wanting but deepest sleep, where there were no dreams to trouble me. Ere long I shall find it in my mother's bosom. But what of this?" added he, impatiently. "Why do we talk, as thou sayest, when there is nothing to be done? Oh, my old friend, I abuse your goodness, and load you with griefs which I should bear myself. Forgive me, forgive me. I was not always weak. It must alter, for the better or the worse it must."

"For the better!" cried the Doctor, cheerily. "It must and will. I tell thee help is on the road: it will arrive when we least think of it But enough! Now tell me, to come to business at last, what sayest thou to Mosely's letter?"

"That travelling will *not* recreate me; that I want no spiritual leech, for spiritual recipes cannot avail; that Mosely is a good man, but knows nothing of my 'case' as he calls it; in brief, that I cannot and must not go."

"Dost thou know I came hither solely to persuade thee; to offer myself as thy companion?"

"My good, kind, only friend! But why should it be? Why should I intrude upon happy men: to sit in their circle like a death's head, marring all pleasure by my sepulchral moods? Leave me to fight with my own despicable fate. Here in the mountains I consume my griefs in silence, and except when you in your chivalrous benevolence come over to doctor me, I trouble no one with them."

"Be my patient then for once," cried the other: "what harm can it do? Your books have ceased to please you, and you are learning nothing from them but to doubt. Your long rides among the moors do but feed your melancholy humour. You can neither shoot, nor hunt, nor dine. You keep no race-horses, and the Commission of Supply does not fire your ambition. What have you to do here? Arise, let us

mingle in the full current of life, or at least survey it for a season. Who knows what fine things we may see and do? Frank Mosely is a true man, and you will learn to love him; he already loves you. Your case, too, he understands better than you think. Let me read you this," cried he, taking out a letter and leading Wotton back to the table.

"Oh, I know it already! The old story over again, *be not solitary be not idle.* And good heaven! what am I that people should quack-salver me with their nostrums? Does Mosely keep a private bedlam for afflicted scholars? Or would he dissect me and experiment upon me?"

"Patience! patience!" said the other; "he is a good man, and my friend. Do but listen." He read as follows:

"*The end of man is an Action, not a Thought*, says Aristoteles; the wisest thing he ever said. Doubt is natural to a human being, for his conceptions are infinite, his powers are only finite. Nevertheless it must be removed, and this not by negation but by affirmation. From experience springs belief, from speculation doubt, but idleness is the mother of unbelief. Neither is our happiness passive, but only active; few men know this, though all in words admit it, hence their life is a perpetual seeking without finding.

"Bring thy friend Reinfred hither; I have long known him, though he knows not me. So fair a nature will not perish in its own superfluity, be its circumstances for the present never so perplexed. His state is painful, but in the end it yields peaceable fruits. It must at some time be the state of all men who are destined to be men. Bring him hither, that he may see what he has yet but heard of. Time will indeed be his physician, be it there or here: but I would gladly do myself a pleasure in knowing him. Happy and unhappy two-legged animals about me are many, but happy or even unhappy men are very few. . . . "

The discussion of this matter between our friends was protracted to a late hour; Wotton urging his own misanthropic habitudes, his hatred of change, his inacquaintance with Mosely, and the folly and hopelessness of the whole project; his cousin answering all his cold noes with as many warm yeas, and pleading at last that in this whim of his, if he had ever merited aught, he might for this once be gratified. "It is a thing I have set my heart on," said he; "and I shall be positively unhappy if thou deny me." Reinfred loved his cousin; esteemed him as a man of unintelligible or mistaken views indeed, but of the kindest heart, whose

helpful sympathy he had often taken in the hour of need, and who now, sad, lonely, downpressed and darkened as the young man seemed, might almost be said to form the last link that still in any wise connected him with the living and loving world. After long resistance he began to yield, and before parting for the night a faint assent was wrung from him. "Why many words?" said he, "if it really can do anything for thee, mistaken as thou art; against me it can do nothing."

Next morning the cousin took his leave and rode home to make arrangements for the journey, as the third day was fixed upon for their departure.

Chapter II.

Reluctantly as Wotton had consented to this scheme, the good effects of it were already beginning to be felt. The preparations and preliminary settlements produced a wholesome diversion of his thoughts, so many little outward cares constraining him to calculation and exertion, the unusual bustle of his still house, all contributed to draw him from the dark Trophonius' cave of his own imagination into the light and warmth of day.

As he rode along through the bright morning to his lawyer, that he might finish, after long loitering, some acts of business relating to his little property, and some acts of beneficence to one or two poor peasants dependent on him, he almost felt as if he were in very deed ceasing to be an alien from the commonwealth of men, as if he too had some duties to perform in his own sphere, barren and humble though it was. The journey itself, though he viewed it with little pleasure, nay in general with a sort of captious regret, was yet a prospect if not a hope, and thus the future, if not filled with inviting forms, was no longer absolutely void. Nay in spite of himself some promise of enjoyment rose faintly over his mind; for the plastic vigour of young fancies which shapes such landscapes in the clouds, though sorely marred in him was not extinct, and where good and evil are both possible, there is no such perverse alchemy as will exclusively select the latter. He could not deny that he felt some curiosity to know Mosely and his circle, so enigmatic as it seemed, from all that he had learned; it may be even that unconsciously some low whisper of his lost Jane Montagu mingled in his fantasies, some unavowed hope of again being cast into her neighbourhood, of seeing and hearing her *once* more, and though not of recovering

her affection, for that he could not even wish, at least of understanding how it had been for ever lost.

Wotton was one of those natures which it is of most importance to educate rightly, but also of greatest difficulty, and which accordingly with a capricious contradiction we often find worse educated than any other. In early boyhood he had lost his father, a man of an equal but stern and indignant temper, soured also by disappointments and treacheries, which had driven him at middle age from the commerce of the world, to hide his shattered fortunes, his great talents, and too fiery but honest and resolute spirit, in the solitude of his little rustic patrimony. Here in this barren seclusion he had lived, repelling from him by a certain calm but iron cynicism all advances either of courtesy or provocation, an isolated man, busied only with the culture of his land, amused only by studies of philosophy and literature, which no one but himself understood or valued. To neighbours he was an object of spleen, of aversion ; yet on the whole of envy rather than of pity, for he seemed complete in himself, free of all men, fearless of all men, a very king in his own domain. Even happy he might appear, but it was not so, for the worm of pride was still gnawing at his heart, and his philosophy pretended not to root it out but only to conceal it.

In a few years his deep-shrouded chagrin undermined his health, a slight sickness gathered unexpected aggravation, and he sank darkly into the grave with all his ineffectual nobleness, wayward and wilful in himself, mistaken by the world, and broken by it though he could not be bent. Of this parent Wotton recollected nothing, save his strong, earnest, silent figure, and a vague unpleasant impression from him of restraint and awe.

The mother, to whose sole guidance he was now committed, had a mother's love for her boy, and was in all respects a true-minded woman ; but for such a spirit as Wotton's no complete though in some points a most precious instructress. She trained his heart to the love of all truth and virtue ; but of his other faculties she took little heed, and could take little proper charge. To this good being, intellect, or even activity, except when directed to the purely useful, was no all-important matter ; for her soul was full of loftiest religion, and truly regarded the glories of this earth as light chaff; nay, we may say she daily and almost hourly felt as if the whole material world were but a vision and a show, a shadowy bark bound together only by the Almighty's word, and transporting us as if through a sea of dreams to the solemn shore

of Eternity, in whose unutterable light the bark would melt like vapour, and we ourselves awake to endless weal or woe.

In her secluded life—for like her husband she was visited by few except the needy and distressed—such feelings gathered strength; were reduced to principles of action, and came at last to pervade her whole conduct, most of all her conduct to her sole surviving child. She never said to him: "Be great, be learned, be rich"; but, "Be good and holy, seek God and thou shalt find Him." "What is wealth?" she would say; "What are crowns and sceptres? The fashion of them passeth away. Heed not the world, thou hast a better inheritance; fear it not, sufficient food and raiment our Father will provide thee; has He not clothed the sparrow against winter, and given it a fenced house to dwell in?" She wished to have her boy instructed in learning, for though little acquainted with it herself, she reverenced it deeply; but, judging his religious and moral habitudes of far more consequence, she would not part with him from her sight, still less trust him among the contaminations of a boarding-school.

To read and write she had herself taught him; the former talent he had acquired so early that it seemed less an art than a faculty, for he could not recollect his ever having wanted it or learned it. So soon as his strength appeared sufficient, she had sent him to a day-school in the nearest town, a distance of six miles, which, with his satchel at his back the ruddy urchin used to canter over on his little shelty evening and morning. His progress was the boast of the teachers; and the timid still boy, devoted to his tasks and rarely mingling in the pastimes, never in the riots, of his fellows, would have been a universal favourite in any community less selfish and tyrannical than one composed of schoolboys. It may seem strange to say so; but among these little men a curious observer will detect some almost frightful manifestations of our common evil nature. What cruelty in their treatment of inferiors, whether frogs, vagrant beggars, or weaker boys! How utterly the hearts of the little wretches seem dead to all voice of mercy or justice! It is the rude, savage, natural man, unchecked by any principle of reflection or even calculation, and obeying, like animals, no precept but that of brute giant power.

Poor Wotton had a sorry time of it in this tumultuous, cozening, brawling, club-law commonwealth: he had not friends among them, or if any elder boy took his part, feeling some touch of pity for his innocence and worth, it was only for a moment, and his usual purgatory

perhaps aggravated by his late patron, returned upon him with but greater bitterness. They flouted him, they beat him, they jeered and tweaked and tortured him by a thousand cunning arts, to all which he could only answer with his tears; so that his very heart was black within him, and in his sadness, of which he would not complain, and which also seemed to him as if eternal, he knew not what to do. For he was a quiet, pensive creature, that loved all things—his shelty, the milk-cow, nay the very cat, ungrateful termagant though she was; and so shy and soft withal, that he generally passed for cowardly, and his tormentors had named him "weeping Wotton," and marked him down as a proper enough bookworm, but one without a particle of spirit. However, in this latter point they sometimes overshot themselves, and the boldest and tallest of the house have quailed before the "weeping Wotton" when thoroughly provoked, for his fury while it lasted was boundless, his little face gleamed like a thunderbolt, and no fear of earthly or unearthly thing could hold him from the heart of his enemy.

But the sway of this fire-eyed genius was transient as the spark of the flint; his comrades soon learned the limits of danger, and adjusting their operations with a curious accuracy to the properties of their material, continued to harass him, more cunningly, but not less effectually than before.

All these things acted on Wotton with deep and mostly unfavourable influences; fretting into morbid quickness his already excessive sensibility, and increasing the envelopment of his shy secluded nature. His mother and her calm circle, the sole spot in the earth where he could have peace, became doubly dear to him; and he knew no joy till, mounting his pony, and leaving the pavement of the burgh behind him, he could resign himself among shady alleys and green fields to a thousand dreams, which fancy was already building for him in clouds of all gayest hues. In the future he was by turns a hero and a sage, in both provinces the benefactor and wonder of the world; and would weave a history for himself, of dainty texture, resuming it day after day, and sometimes continuing it for months and years. The bleak, monotonous past itself was beautiful in his thoughts; its sorrows were like steep rocks, no longer sharp and stern, rising in the distance amid green sunny fields of joy. All forms of his earlier years rose meeker and kinder in his memory; especially the figure of a little elder sister, with whom he had played in trustful gladness in infancy, but whom death had snatched away from him before he knew what the King of Terrors was. Since the departure

of this little one, the green knolls, the dells of his native brook had been lonelier to him ; indeed, he was almost without companion of his own age, but his mother's bosom was still open to him, and from her he had yet no care which it concerned him to hide.

In the evenings, above all on holidays, he was happy, for then the afflictions of life all lay on the other side of the hill ; he wandered over the fields in a thousand gay reveries; he made crossbows and other implements with his knife, or stood by the peasants at their work and listened eagerly to their words, which, rude as they might be, were the words of grown men, and awoke in him forecastings of a distant wondrous world. Old Stephen in particular, the family gardener, steward, ploughman, majordomo and factotum, he could have hearkened to for ever. Stephen had travelled much in his time, and seen the manner of many men ; noting noteworthy things, which his shrewd mind wanted not skill to combine in its own simplicity into a consistent philosophy of life. From Stephen also he had half borrowed, half plundered, certain volumes of plays and tales, among these the ever-memorable *Arabian Nights*, which, not so much read as devoured, formed, with the theological library of his mother, a strange enough combination. These fictions Wotton almost feared were little better than falsehoods, the reading of which his conscience did all but openly condemn, for he believed, as he had been taught, that beyond the region of material usefulness religion was the only study profitable to man. Nor was he behindhand in this latter, at least, if entire zeal could suffice. Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye, he watched over his words and actions with even an over-scrupulousness. His little prayer came evening and morning from a full heart, and life, in the thought of the innocent boy, seemed little else than a pilgrimage through a sacred alley, with the pinnacles of the Eternal Temple at its close.

With increase of years came new feelings, still farther complicated by change of scene. In his fifteenth winter he was sent to college ; a measure to which his mother had consented by the advice of her ancient pastor, and the still more earnest persuasion of Wotton's teacher, and to the fulfilment of which the boy himself had long looked forward with unspeakable anticipations. The seminary was in a large town, at a distance of many miles ; to Wotton, a pure "city of the mind," glorious as the habitation of wisdom, and cloud-capt in his fancy with all earthly splendour.

This new scene might have worked upon him beneficially, but for

the present it did not. It was a university in which the great principle of spiritual liberty was admitted in its broadest sense, and nature was left to all not only without misguidance, but without any guidance at all. Wotton's tasks were easy of performance, or, rather, the performance of them was recommended not enforced; while for the rest he was left to choose his own society and form his own habits, and had unlimited command of reading. What a wild world rose before him as he read, and felt, and saw, with as yet unworn avidity! Young Nature was combining with this strange education to unfold the universe to him in its most chaotic aspect. What with history and fiction, what with philosophy and feeling, it was a wondrous Nowhere that his spirit dwelt in: all stood before him in indistinct detached gigantic masses; a country of desire and terror; baseless, boundless; overspread with dusky or black shadows, yet glowing here and there in maddening light. To all this, moreover, the exasperating influence of solitude was superadded; in fact, Wotton's manner of existence was little less secluded than ever; for though the persecutions of his schoolfellows had gradually died away as he grew more able to resist them, his originally backward temper had nowise been improved by such treatment. Indeed, a keen and painful feeling of his own weakness, added to a certain gloomy consciousness of his real intrinsic superiority, rendered him at once suspicious and contemptuous of others.

Besides, in the conversation of his equals he truly felt little sympathy; their speculations were of far more earthy matters than his; and in their amusements, too often riotous and libertine, his principle forbade him to participate. Only with the little knot of his countrymen, in the narrowest sense of that word, did he stand in any sort of relation; and even of these he often felt as if their intercourse were injuring him and should be abandoned, as if their impure influences were contaminating and seducing him. Contaminate him they did, but seduce him they could not. Polished steel may be breathed on without being rusted, but not long or often without being bedimmed. Wotton fought hard with evil; for fiercely were the depths of his fiery nature assailed; he was not conquered, yet neither did he conquer, without loss, and these contests added new uproar to the discord within.

Of his progress in the learned languages he himself made little account; nor in metaphysics did he find any light, but, rather, doubt or darkness; if he talked of the matter it was in words of art, and his own honest nature whispered to him the while that they were only words.

Mathematics and the kindred sciences, at once occupying and satisfying his logical faculty, took much deeper hold of him; nay, by degrees, as he felt his own independent progress, almost alienated him for a long season from all other studies. "Is not truth," said he, "the pearl of great price, and where shall we find it but here?" He gloried to track the footsteps of the mighty Newton, and in the thought that he could say to himself: Thou, even thou, art privileged to look from his high eminence, and to behold with thy own eyes the order of that stupendous fabric; thou seest it in light and mystic harmony, which, though all living men denied, thou wouldst not even doubt! A proud thought, truly, for little man; but a sad one if he pursue it unwisely!

The *Principia* do but enlighten one small forecourt of the mind; and for the inner shrine, if we seek not purer light and by purer means, it will remain for ever dark and desolate. So Wotton found to his cost; for with this cold knowledge, much as he boasted of it, he felt in secret that his spiritual nature was not fed. In time, like other men, he came to need a theory of man; a system of metaphysics, not for talk, but for adoption and belief; and here his mathematical logic afforded little help, as, indeed, without other rarer concomitants, it is in such pursuits a hindrance rather than a help. Great questions, the very greatest, came before his mind; with shuddering awe he drew aside the veil from all sacred things; but here, in what he called the light of his reason, which was only a fitful glimmer, there was no clear vision for him. Doubt only, pale doubt, rising like a spectral shadow, was to be seen, distorting or obscuring the good and holy; nay, sometimes hiding the very Holy of Holies from his eye.

Who knows not the agonies of doubt? What heart, not of stone, can endure to abide with them? Wotton's was a heart of flesh, and of the softest; it was torn and bleeding, yet he could not pause; for a voice from the depths of his nature called to him, as he loved truth, to persevere. He studied the sceptical writers of his own country; above all, the modern literature of France. Here at length a light rose upon him, not the pure sunlight of former days, but a red fierce glare, as by degrees his doubt settled in utter negation. He felt a mad pleasure mingled with his pangs, and unbelief was laying waste in scornful triumph so many fairest things, still dear and venerable even as delusions. Alas! the joy of the Denyer is not of long continuance. He burns the city, and warms himself at the blaze for a day; but on the morrow the fair palaces as well as the noisome alleys are gone, and he

stands houseless amid ashes and void silence. Thus also it fared with Reinfred.

The philosophy of Epicurus was not made for him; his understanding was convinced, but his heart in secret denied it. Vice and all baseness, which at first it might have seemed to sanction, he still rejected, nay, abhorred. But what, then, was virtue? Another name for happiness, for pleasure? No longer the eternal life and beauty of the universe, the invisible all-pervading effluence of God; but a poor earthly theorem, a balance of profit and loss resting on self-interest, and pretending to rest on nothing higher.

Nay, *was* the virtuous always happiest? To Wotton it seemed more than dubious; for himself, at least, he felt as if truth were too painful, and animal stupidity the surest fountain of contentment. By degrees a dreary stagnancy overspread his soul; he was without fear and without hope; in this world isolated, poor, and helpless; had tasted little satisfaction, and expected little, and in the next he had now no part or lot. Among his fellow-men he felt like a stranger and a pilgrim, a pilgrim journeying without rest to a distant nowhere. Pride alone supported him, a deep-hid satanic pride; and it was a harsh and stern support. Gloomy mockery was in his once kind and gentle heart; mockery of the world, of himself, of all things; yet bitterest sadness lay within it, and through his scowl there often glistened a tear.

In such inward disquietudes it would have been a blessing to communicate in trustful kindness with other men. However, he kept his secret locked up in himself, judging that if spoken it would meet with little sympathy, perhaps even be but imperfectly understood. By light companions he was now and then bantered on his melancholic mood; but these he despatched with tart enough replies, and himself only withdrew with his alleged imaginary woes still farther from their circle. To his mother least of all could he impart these cares. In his occasional visits, the good woman had not failed to notice some unfavourable change in his temper; but as his conduct still seemed strictly regular, she had taken little heed of this, and imputed it to more transitory causes. Besides, she was becoming more and more immersed in her religious feelings, more divided from the world's cares; and when she counselled her son, it was her sole earnest injunction that he would study to be right with God, and prepared for the change, which for him as for her and every one would be irrevocable, and lay near at hand. Occasionally she may have suspected that all was not right; but, if so, to rectify it was

beyond her sphere ; and she trusted that the same good providence, which had led herself through so many thorny and steep paths, would also be the guide and protector of all that was hers. At last, some two years ago, her health declining, she had moved, by the advice of her physician, into a kinder climate ; and was now living far south in her native county, in the family of a widowed sister, where Wotton had never yet seen her. The visit had been unexpectedly protracted from month to month, and seemed at last as if it would not end. Her letters to him were frequent, earnest, and overflowing with sublime affection ; often they brought tears into his eyes ; but he could only in return give her false assurances of his welfare, and in sighs thank Heaven that she knew not what had befallen him.

Without associate, however, he was not always to be. In one of his summer rustications, since his mother left him, he had become acquainted with Bernard Swane, or, rather, Bernard Swane had become acquainted with him ; for hearing much of the wonderful talents, the moodiness, and bitter wayward humours of his neighbour, and being himself a man of influence, warm-heartedness, and singular enthusiasm, he had forced his way into the privacy of this youthful misanthrope ; had accosted him with such frank kindliness, and on subsequent occasions so soothed and cherished him in sympathising affection, that by degrees he had won his friendship, and Wotton had now no secret, economical or spiritual, which he did not share in. To both parties their intercourse had from the first been peculiarly attractive. There was that contrast and at the same time similarity, in their natures which gives its highest charm to social converse. Bernard was the elder by several years, a man of talent, education, and restless vigorous activity ; by profession belonging to the law ; already profitably engaged in the public business of his county, and cherishing perhaps, half consciously, hopes of yet rising to some far higher department. For he was a man of a large, if not a peculiarly fine spirit ; strong, conscious of his strength ; for ever full of practicable and impracticable schemes ; and though he flattered himself that the promotion of public good in any sphere was his best or only aim, to all third parties it was clear enough that Bernard had a deep ambition. Nay in his frank and sanguine manner there often appeared the most indubitable outbreakings of vanity ; but at the same time of vanity so kindly, social, and true-hearted, that you were forced to pardon it. The truth is, he was of a happy nature ; existence of itself was sweet and joyous to him : he lived for ever in the element of hope ;

loving himself, and loving through himself all nature and all men. Rarely could you find a person so superior to others, yet so beloved by them, so calculated to please at once the many and the few. To Wotton in speculation, as in conduct, he was a perfect opposite. The former never believed, the latter scarcely ever doubted; hence, the one acted and concluded, wrong, even absurdly, it might be, but still acted and concluded, while the other painfully hesitated and inquired. Both truly loved goodness; of the two, Wotton more fervently, yet Bernard with more trustfulness and effect. In active courage, the latter was superior; in passive, the former; who, indeed, had long lived with pain, and for the better purpose of his mind had always fronted and defied it. Not so with Bernard: he had in secret a deep horror of passive suffering, so deep that scarcely even conscience could drive him to brave it; and many times, as it seemed to Wotton, he would practise cunning subterfuges, and underhand, nay, unconsciously, play jesuitic tricks with his own convictions to escape such dilemmas. That he wished a thing to be true was ever with him a strong persuasion of its truth. He sympathised in Wotton's scepticism; often he seemed, with a deep sigh, to admit that his objections were unanswerable, yet himself continued to believe. Wotton loved him, for, in spite of drawbacks, he felt all his singular worth; and Bernard was the only human soul that knew him, in whose neighbourhood his own exiled, marred, and exasperated spirit still felt any touch of peace, still saw afar off, though but for a few moments, some glimpses of kind sunshiny life. To produce such effects, to attract such a spirit, and be loved by it was no less delightful to the other, for if he, as it were, protected Wotton, he also admired, nay, almost feared, him; and, feeling his own superiority in strength and good fortune, he often felt that in nobleness and merit the balance might sway on the other side.

Thus their friendship rested on the surest basis, that of mutual satisfaction and sympathy; on the one hand and on the other good offices or good wishes, pleasure given and received. In their intellectual discussions, widely as they differed, they by no chance quarrelled; indeed, except in private they almost never argued. In society, where, except in the company and by the persuasion of his friend, Wotton scarcely ever ventured, you generally found them on a side: Bernard supporting the good and beautiful in vehement, flowing, rhetorical pleadings; Wotton, in bitter sarcasms and with keenest intellect, demolishing the false and despicable, and this, often in the dialect of his hearers, if no better might be,

to whom he justly enough apprehended his own would many times have been a stone of stumbling. By such half displays of his inward nature poor Wotton's popularity was seldom increased. Bernard was confessedly a man of parts, by whom it might seem less disgraceful to be tutored; but who was this Wotton, this sharp, scornful stripling, whom no one meddled with unpunished? By degrees, indeed, he established for himself a character of talent, the more wondered at perhaps that it was little understood; nay, observant people could not but admit that in his rigorous, secluded, gloomy spirit there dwelt the strictest justice, and even much positive virtue; but still, these things were conceded rather than asserted. Nay, Wotton was less than ever a favourite, and the first ineffectual effort to despise him too often passed into a sentiment of fear, uneasiness, and aversion.

On the young man himself the consciousness of this was not without corresponding and hurtful influence; but one good effect among many bad was that it bound him still more closely to his friend. Bernard was now almost his sole society; a treasure precious, therefore, both by reason of its rarity and its intrinsic value. Gladly would Bernard have rewarded him for such exclusive trust; gladly have extracted by reasonable ministrations the bitterness from his spirit; truly had he watched over him in many a sad hour, and much did he long and hope to see his fine gifts occupied in wholesome activity.

Hitherto, however, his efforts had been fruitless, or only of transient influence. By his counsel Wotton had meditated various professions; that of law he had even for a time attempted. But he was too late; the young enthusiasm had faded from his heart; there was no longer any infinitude in his hopes. The technicalities of the subject dispirited and disgusted his understanding; its rewards were distant and dubious, and to him of small value. What was wealth and professional fame when the world itself was tarnished in his thoughts, and all its uses weary, flat, stale and unprofitable? There had been a time when, like the rest of us, he was wont to impute his misery to outward circumstances; to think that if this or that were granted to his wishes, it would be well with him. The fallacy which lurked here experience had soon taught him, but not the truth. He felt that he was wretched, and must ever be so; he felt as if all men would be so, only that their eyes were blinded.

He abandoned law and hurried into the country, not to possess his soul in peace as he hoped, but in truth, like Homer's Bellerophon, to eat

his own heart. His love of truth, he often passionately said, had ruined him; yet he would not relinquish the search to whatever abysses it might lead. His rural cares left much of his time unoccupied; in mad misdirection he read and meditated, enjoying hours of wild pleasure, divided by days and nights of pain. It was not tedium that he suffered, he had too deep an interest to weary, but light came not to him—no light; he wandered in endless labyrinths of doubt, or in the void darkness of denial. With other men his conversation was stinted and irksome, for he had to shroud his heart from them in deepest mystery, and to him their doings and forbearings were of no moment. It was only with Bernard that he could speak from the heart, that he still felt himself a man; scanty but invaluable solace, which, it may be, saved him from madness or utter despair.

Such was his mood when a little incident quite transformed the scene. One fine summer evening he had ridden over to Bernard's, as he was often wont; but, finding him engaged with company, was about to retire without seeing him, when Bernard himself hurried out and constrained him to enter. "It is but some one or two young friends," said he, "who have come accidentally to see my sister. There is *one* among them too," added he, with a roguish smile, as they approached the drawing-room; but Wotton had no time to answer till he found himself in the middle of the circle welcomed by the mistress of it, and introduced by name to a bright young creature, the heroine of the evening, whom in his bashfulness he scarcely dared to look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment. Jane Montagu was a name well known to him; far and wide its fair owner was celebrated for her graces and gifts; herself also he had seen and noted; her slim daintiest form, her soft sylph-like movement, her black tresses shading a face so gentle yet so ardent; but all this he had noted only as a beautiful vision which he himself had scarcely right to look at, for her sphere was far from his; as yet he had never heard her voice or hoped that he should ever speak with her. Yet surely she was not indifferent to him, else whence his commotion, his astonishment, his agitation now when near her? His spirit was roused from its deepest recesses, a thousand dim images and vague feelings of gladness and pain were clashing in tumultuous vortices within him; he felt as if he stood on the eve of some momentous incident—as if this hour were to decide the welfare or woe of long future years.

Strange enough! There are moments of trial, of peril, of extreme

anxiety, when a man whom we reckoned timid becomes the calmest and firmest. Reinfred's whole being was in a hurricane; but it seemed as if himself were above it, ruling over it, in unwonted strength and clearness. His first movement prospered, and he went on to prosper. Never had his manner been so graceful or free; never had his sentiments been nobler, his opinions more distinct, emphatic, or correct. A vain sophistical young man was afflicting the party with much slender and, indeed, base speculation on the human mind; this he resumed after the pause and bustle of the new arrival. Wotton, by one or two Socratic questions in his happiest style, contrived to silence him for the night. The discomfiture of this logical marauder was felt and even hailed as a benefit by every one; but sweeter than all applauses was the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, and the kind, thankful look with which Jane Montagu repaid the victor. He ventured to speak to her; she answered him with attention; nay, it seemed as if there were a tremor in her voice; and perhaps she thanked the dusk that it half hid her. The conversation took a higher tone; one fine thought called forth another; each, the speakers and the hearers alike, felt happy and well at ease. To Wotton the hours seemed moments; he had never been as now; the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass; his whole soul was as if lapped in richest melodies, and all better feelings within him seemed to whisper, "It is good for us to be here." At parting the fair one's hand was in his; in the balmy twilight with the kind stars above them he spoke something of meeting again which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily or angrily withdrawn.

Wotton had never known love: brought up in seclusion from the sex, immersed in solitary speculation, he had seen the lovelier half of our species only from afar, and learned in his poetical studies to view them with an almost venerating reverence. Elysian dreams, a fairyland of richest blessedness his young fancy had indeed shaped for him; but it lay far apart from the firm earth, with impassable abysses intervening; and doubting and disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. That he, the obscure, forlorn, and worthless, could ever taste the heaven of being loved; that for him any fair soul should ever languish in fond longing, seemed a thing impossible. Other men were loved; but he was not as other men; did not a curse hang over him? had not his life been a cup of bitterness

from the beginning? Thus in timid pride he withdrew within his own fastnesses, where, baited by a thousand dark spectres, he saw himself as if constrained to renounce in unspeakable sadness the fairest hopes of existence. And how sweet, how ravishing the contradiction! "*She* has looked on thee!" cried he; "she, the fairest, noblest; she does not despise thee; her dark eyes smiled on thee; her hand was in thine; some figure of thee was in her soul!" Storms of transport rushed through his heart as he recalled this scene, and sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

Day after day he saw and heard his fair Jane; day after day drank rapture from her words and looks. She sang to him, she played to him; they talked together, in gaiety and earnestness, unfolding their several views of human life, and ever as it seemed glancing afar off at a holy though forbidden theme. Never had Wotton such an audience; never was fine thought or noble sentiment so rewarded as by the glance of those dark eyes, by the gleam which kindled over that soft and spirit-speaking face. In her, hour after hour, a fairer and fairer soul unveiled itself; a soul of quickest vision and gracefullest expression, so gay yet so enthusiastic, so blandishing yet so severe; a being all gentleness and fire; meek, timid, loving as the dove and high and noble as the eagle. To him her presence brought with it airs from heaven. A balmy rest encircled his spirit while near her; pale doubt fled away to the distance, and life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The young man seemed to awake as from a haggard dream; he had been in the garden of Eden, then, and his eyes could not discern it! But now the black walls of his prison melted away, and the captive was alive and free in the sunny spring! If he loved this benignant disenchantress? His whole heart and soul were hers; yet he had never thought of love; for his whole existence was but a feeling which he had not yet shaped into a thought.

But human life were another matter than it is could it grant such things continuance. Jane Montagu had an ancient maiden aunt who was her hostess and protectress, to whom she owed all and looked for all. With the eyes of fifty, one sees not as with the eyes of fifteen. What passed between the good maiden and her aunt we know not; the old lady was proud and poor; she had high hopes from her niece, and in her meagre hunger-bitten philosophy Wotton's visits had from the first been but faintly approved of.

One morning he found his fair Jane constrained and sad; she was silent, absent; she seemed to have been weeping. The aunt left the room. He pressed for explanation, first in kind solicitude, then with increasing apprehension; but none was to be had, save only broken hints that she was grieved for herself, for him, that she had much to suffer, that he must cease to visit her. It was vain that the thunder-struck Wotton demanded, "Why? Why?" "One whom she entirely depended on had so ordered it, and for herself she had nothing to do but to obey." She resisted all entreaty; she denied all explanation: her words were firm and cold; only by a thrill of anguish that once or twice quivered over her face could a calmer man have divined that she was suffering within. Wotton's pride was stung; he rose and held out his hand: "Farewell, then, madam!" said he, in a low steady voice; "I will not ——" She put her hand in his; she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes; but she turned away her head, hastily pressed his hand, and, sobbing, whispered, scarcely audibly, "Farewell!" He approached in frenzy; his arms were half-raised to encircle her; but starting back she turned on him a weeping face—a face of anger, love, and agony. She sternly motioned to him to withdraw, and Wotton scarce knew where he was till with mad galloping he had reached hi own solitudes, and the town, and the fair Jane, and all his blessed dreams were far away.

This look of hers he had long time to meditate, for it was the last. How many burning thoughts he had to front; how many wild theories he formed of his misfortune; how many wild projects to repair it! But all in vain: his letters were unanswered, or answered in cold, brief commonplaces. At last he received a pressing entreaty, or rather, a peremptory injunction, to write no more. Then hope no longer lingered; thickest night sank over his spirit, and a thousand furies were sent forth to scourge him. They were cruel days that followed. By-and-bye came reports that his Jane was to be wedded—wedded to Edmund Walter, a gay young man of rank, a soldier, and, as Wotton rated him, a debauchee, but wealthy, well-allied, and influential in the county. The wedding-day, it was even stated, had been fixed. "What have I to do with it?" said Wotton, as he shuddered at the thought: "she is nought to me, I am nought to her!"

But some secret change had occurred, and the public expectation was baulked. The marriage did not take place, no one knew why; only Walter had left the neighbourhood in indignant haste; the aunt,

also, and her niece, the latter apparently in deepest sorrow, had closed their house and retired to their friends in London. The talk of gossips was loud and manifold, but no light could be elicited; a curtain of mystery still enveloped the transaction, and one spiteful hypothesis only gave place to another as spiteful and no better founded.

What effect all this produced on the solitary Wotton we need not describe at length. His heart bled inwardly; in solitude he suffered, for his pride and his affection had alike been cruelly wounded; it was long before even Bernard could penetrate into his confidence, and soothe his darkened and exasperated spirit by a touch of human sympathy.

Six months were now gone; the whole incident had removed into distance, and Wotton could now see clearly how it had been and how it was to be with him. He felt that he had loved not wisely, yet irrevocably, and in vain. A celestial vision had entranced him, and now it was all fled away, and the grim world lay round him, sicklied over by ineffectual longing. One little month so fair and heavenly; such a blissful meeting, such a stern good-night! He felt with tenfold force that all hope was lies, that man's life was but a mockery and a fever-dream. By degrees he sank into iron quietude. "What is the world," said he, "but a gloomy vision as the poets have called it? and your fair landscapes, so sunshiny, so green, so far-stretching, are but cunning paintings on the walls. We are captives, but it is only for a season. Death is still our birthright; destiny itself cannot doom us not to die. Strong death, the frowning but helpful and never-failing friend! Cowards have painted him as a spectre; he is a benignant genius bearing freedom and rest to weary, heavy-laden man!"

To all this Bernard listened with regret, yet also with sympathy and firm hopes of better things. This dreary stagnancy he knew would not be final; Wotton's nature was virtuous, it would at length become believing, become active, become happy. For malignant activity it was too noble and moral, for such icy rest too passionate Nay, even as it stood, was not a burst of fierce tenderness, or far-glancing despair every now and then breaking forth as if in spite of him?

Bernard had half-foreseen his passion for Jane Montagu, and hoped that it might lead him back to life, and in the end make two worthy and beloved beings happy. Painfully as the issue had deceived him, he did not slacken his efforts or abate his confidence. This journey he had

diligently contrived and recommended, in the course of which many things, as he hoped, might occur to solace, to excite and instruct the marred and afflicted spirit of the young man, and so in the end to recall him from those regions of baleful shadows into the light of truth and living day.

Chapter III.

Well mounted, wrapped and equipped for travelling, our friends were on horseback at an early hour. The sunbeam was still dewy and level as they reached by a slanting path the brow of the hill-range which bounded in the valley to the left, and Wotton looked back for a moment on the blue streak of smoke which was rising from his own chimney far down in the bottom, where all that he possessed or delighted to remember on earth lay clustered together in peaceful brightness. The sound of a distant steeple-clock came faint and saddened through the sunny morning. "How trim the burgh stands among its woods and meadows!" cried Bernard, looking far across the dale; "how gay its red steeples rise through the fleece of blue, where many a thrifty mother is cooking breakfast for her loved ones! The place is alive and astir and full of busy mortals though you think here you might cover it all with your hat. It is speaking to us, too, with its metal tongue!"

Wotton moved on, for to him it was speaking not in pleasure but in pain. It was the sound which had announced to him in schoolboy years the scene of his daily martyrdom; it was the sound he had often heard beside Jane Montagu; the note of that bell was getting doleful and of evil presage to him.

"I know not how it comes," said he, "but to my imagination this journey of ours, simple as it is, seems strangely momentous. It is as if we were leaving our hampered but safe and hospitable ark to venture forth on a world of waters."

"A sign that hope is not dead in you," said Bernard, "since you can still fear. We shall return with olive leaves, I prophesy."

"Or at least fly to and fro upon the waters," answered Wotton. "Well, that is better than pining in the prison. We shall be among the

mountains to-morrow," added he, cheerily. "Those granite peaks are shining on us as if they were made of sapphire, and near at hand they are but like other rocks. So man was made to be deceived."

Wotton as a travelling companion, at least to Bernard, was peculiarly delightful. The excitement of a fine exercise, in which he took pleasure and excelled, seemed to shake the vapours from his spirit and awaken in it all beautiful and healthful feelings. In the glow of motion, under the thousandfold benign influences of rural nature, he could many times for a while attain to self-forgetfulness, and pour forth in free and even glad effusion the sensations of the hour. His moody cares retired to the distance and formed as it were a ground of deepest black, on which the bright, lovely, nay sometimes sportful imagery of his mind looked out with double grace. With Bernard his conversation was at all times, and especially on such occasions, of the most pleasurable sort. There was in them that agreement of feeling and disagreement of opinion, that similarity in dissimilarity, which is justly thought to form the great charm of conversation. Much as they disputed they never quarrelled.

The scene and the lovely weather were of a kind to maintain the most genial humour. It was a region as yet unvisited of mail-coaches, traversed only by the solitary horseman, or some wayworn cadger toilsomely collecting for city consumpt the minor produce of the district; a region of knoll and hollow, of modest streamlet, and lone-lying tree-shaded farm; the mower was stooping in the valleys, where as yet the fields were all of the greenest; and ever, as they mounted any height, our friends saw before them afar off the long narrow Frith winding like silver among its craggy headlands or grey sands; beyond which, over many an intervening range, towered up in white light in the extreme distance the world of mountains, with its blue tops and shadowy chasms shutting in like a land of romance a land of so many fair realities.

Pleasantly journeying, amid abundant talk, they had reached before sunset the strand of the Frith; where, advancing to the end of one among several long rude piers of wattle-work, fronted on the other side by several corresponding piers which extended through sand and silt and enabled the ferrymen to ply their trade at all seasons of the tide, their signal was soon answered, and two gnarled weather-beaten rowers, with a helmsman and a huge shapeless boat, had in a few minutes landed man and horse on the farther shore. Fronting and close

by stood a rather gay-looking mansion, which it seemed was an inn and bathing establishment, and where our friends proposed continuing for the night. During their short voyage Wotton had remarked that the helmsman eyed him somewhat too curiously; he was still further struck, indeed offended, when the same personage, who appeared likewise to be an under-waiter, continued to glance at him, nay, seemed also to have awakened the curiosity of his official superior; for ever and anon as the two were covering with much bustle a frugal enough table, they kept privily casting looks on our hero, who at length determined to end their survey.

"My friends," said he, "is there anything especially remarkable in my appearance that you so gaze at me? Have I ever had the honour of your acquaintance for good or bad; or are you apprehensive I may do your establishment here an ill turn?"

"Thousand pardons!" said they of the apron, ducking very low. "It is nothing, sir," added the head waiter; "but you are so *very* like a picture we have here. You will excuse our freedom, sir!"

"Picture?" said Wotton.

"A gold locket with a miniature: an honest countryman found it among the mountains; thought some of our guests in their pleasure excursions might have lost it, so he brought it hither, but no one claimed it; and the thing is still here waiting for an owner. You shall see it, sir."

The man left the apartment, and soon returned with the trinket in question. It was a pretty enough piece of work; a little oval casket of chased gold or filigrane, on a pink ribbon, which seemed once to have suspended it over some fair bosom. It might have been dropped in riding. But what most surprised our friends was, on opening the lid—for the lock had been broken—to discover in the tiny picture what really seemed a decided resemblance to Wotton. As a painting it was of little value; neither the individual tints nor the general finish, though apparently great pains had been taken with it, betrayed the hand of an artist; yet the cast of our hero's features did appear to have been aimed at, nay, in some points accurately seized; the dark grey eyes under their deep decided brows and high arched forehead, the well-proportioned nose, the somewhat too shallow chin, the clustery dark auburn hair, were all more or less correctly Wotton's; and about the lips there played a mingled half-painful, half-lofty expression of scorn, which in some passionate moments was still more peculiar.

Our travellers, it may well be supposed, scarce knew what to make of this adventure. They examined and re-examined the locket, they questioned and re-questioned the waiter, and all to little purpose. Except that it had been found about six weeks ago, on a mountain road at some fifteen miles distance, he could tell them nothing. Wotton, in particular, with the vague imagination, which at such an age a smaller circumstance will excite, could not help feeling an unusual interest in the matter, and determined if possible at no rate to part with this copy of himself, which chance had so strangely sent him.

"This trinket is not mine," said he to the waiter, "yet I question whether you are like to meet with any one who has a better right to it. I will leave you my address, and money to the full amount for the finder; if the picture be ever claimed, you will know where it is to be had; for in the meantime you must let me take it with me."

The man made little objection, and in return for the deposit of a few guineas the toy was formally made over. For the rest of the evening it formed between our friends the chief topic of conversation, which indeed on Wotton's part was kept up with no great spirit. His mind was hunting over all its domains for some trace of a solution to the mystery, or building on this slender basis all manner of castles in the air. He could not recollect that he had ever sat to any painter, and who was this that had so daintily limned him in his absence? One sweetest possibility he dared not openly surmise to Bernard, scarcely even to himself; yet a light dawned upon him as in the dusky remoteness, and the figure of Jane Montagu came forth in new beauty saddened over by inexpressible longing.

At an early hour he retired to his apartment. His window fronted the sea, over which the moon was peering from her couch of clouds in the far east, while the tide, swelling forth as if to meet her into every creek, was murmuring hoarse and slow through the mellow light. Soft vapours shrouded the other shore; the sea was shipless, for the fisher barks were at anchor in their coves; the moonbeam flickered on a solitude of waters. The thought of life and its mysteries and vicissitudes came over Wotton's troublous but solemn mind. He saw the images of Time as if flitting so fair and transient through the night of Eternity; yet kind scenes crowded round him, and the earth with its stinted joys and man with his marred destiny, seemed but the lovelier that they were weak and without continuance. The picture was in his hand, was already suspended round his neck. "Why dost thou remember *her*,"

said he to himself, "when she is for ever hid from thy eyes? She came like a heavenly messenger preaching peace to my spirit, and peace was not appointed me. O Jane Montagu! why was the tinsel of the world precious to thee, and its fine gold of no price? Surely, surely thy heart said nay, nay at that cruel hour; we might have been so blessed, so rich, so passing rich!—I will see her, at least," cried he, rising; "something whispers that she thinks of me, that she loves me; and without her will no power on earth or under it shall part us."

It was in a pleasurable mood, and with hopes vaguely excited, that our friends entered the mountain region. Mountains were not new to either of them; but rarely are mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. The rocks are of that sort called primitive by the mineralogist, which always arrange themselves in masses of a rugged and gigantic character; but their ruggedness is softened by a singular elegance of form; in a climate favourable to vegetation, the gray shapeless cliff itself covered with lichens rises through a garment of foliage or verdure, and white bright tufted cottages are clustered round the base of the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude beauty alternates with grandeur: you ride through stony hollows, along strait passes traversed by torrents, and overhung by high walls of rock; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects into a lake, and man has found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if peace had established herself in the stony bosom of strength.

All this is not without effect on thinking minds; in Wotton it co-operated with much that he already felt; for the incident of last night though as if by tacit consent it was not spoken of still lurked in his thoughts, predisposing him to vague wondrous imaginations and all high feeling. Bernard was full of eloquence: praising the beauty of nature, the benignity of Providence, and the happiness of men; Wotton the while answered him, as a stout sceptic, indeed, but as a sceptic that grieved, not rejoiced to be so; and thus for both parties the conversation was entertaining, for with both such topics, and so treated, were chief favourites. They were in the bottom of a rude solitary glen, engaged so pleasantly, when the tramp of a horse was heard on the left, and presently a rider was observed issuing by a steep side path from a sort of break in the hills, and seemed as if advancing like themselves, though from a different point, toward the head of the valley.

The horseman, in fact, soon joined them, and his courteous saluta-

tion being as courteously returned, the commonplace introductions to talk ere long gave place to more interesting topics, and a pleasant feeling of companionship diffused itself over the party. The stranger seemed a man of some fifty years; of a staid, determinate, yet, at the same time, winning manner; at once polished, intelligent, and sociably frank: to look at him and listen to him you felt inclined to assign the man a higher rank than his equipment could have challenged, for he was well and sufficiently rather than splendidly mounted and dressed; and it was only in his clear, kind eyes, and strong, yet calm and gentle look, that you read a title to superior deference. Bernard was celebrating the beauty of the scenery; the stranger spoke of it as one familiar with the subject and the district, yet briefly and with judgment, rather than enthusiasm.

"A passing traveller," said Bernard, "might envy your mountaineers their constant abode among so many noble influences, did not one remember the effect of habit, how it deadens all our impressions both of beauty and deformity."

"What is grander than the sun?" added Wotton; "yet we all see it daily, and few think of the heavenly lamp save as a ripener of corn. The moon, too, and the stars are measured in their courses: but astronomy is praised or tolerated because it helps us in navigating ships, and the divine horologe is rated as a supplement or substitute for Harrison's timekeeper."

The stranger glanced slightly at his vehement companion, yet without expression of displeasure, then answered: "True goodness of all sorts must have its life and root within ourselves; it depends on external appliances far less than we suppose. The great point is to have a healthy mind, or if I may say so, *a right power of assimilation*, for the elements of beauty and truth lie round us on all sides, even in the meanest objects, if we could but extract them. Claude Lorraine, the painter of so many heavenly landscapes, was bred a colour-grinder; the noble-minded Epictetus was a slave. As to the effect of natural scenery," continued he, "I think with you that it is trifling. The mountaineer has a peculiar way of life, and differs from the inhabitant of the plains because of it; differs by reason of the things he has to do, but scarcely of the things he has to see. No nation has produced fewer artists than the Swiss."

"Indeed," said Wotton, "this effect, whatever be its value, lies in a great measure open to all men, dwell where they may. The bleakest

moor I can stand on is visited by the eye of Heaven, and bears on its bosom the traces of innumerable years. The pebble I strike from my path was severed from distant mountains in the primeval convulsions of Nature, and has rolled for ages in the depth of waters. This streamlet, nameless except to a few herdsmen, was meted out by the hand of the Omnipotent as well as the great ocean; it is ancient as the Flood, and was murmuring through its solitude when the ships of Æneas ascended the Tiber, or Siloa's Brook was flowing fast by the Oracle of God."

"Yet surely," said Bernard, "there are degrees of beauty in external things; beauty more direct, and I will add more pure, than those universal attributes which my friend here paints so vividly. Is it not the essence of all true beauty, of all true greatness, that it makes us forget our own little individuality? That we mingle for the moment as if in boundless glory, feeling not that we are thus and thus, but only that *we are;* remembering nothing of ourselves, least of all that we are weak and needy and of short duration?"

"Surely," answered Wotton. "And if mountain or any other scenery could do this," added he, pensively, "it were well worth travelling to see."

"One thing, at least, you have many times occasion to observe: no topic sooner or more painfully wearies us than description of scenery. Your view-hunter is the most irksome of all articulate-speaking men."

"A proof of the little interest we really take in views," answered the stranger.

"Besides," added Wotton, "if long-winded he is generally in part insincere: there is cant in his raptures; he is treating us not with his subject, but with his own false vainglorious self. At best it is sensations not thoughts that he is describing; and no sensations, except our own, can long fix our attention."

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, with a kind smile, "by your accent I take you to be Scotch, yet your philosophy is not what we call Scotch."

"Is Scotch philosophy in very bad odour here?" inquired Wotton, somewhat piqued for the honour of his country.

"In bad odour I should not say," replied the stranger, "for our little commonwealth is a willing member of the great one; and everywhere, disguise it as we may—in the senate, the press, the pulpit, the parlour, and the market—David Hume is ruler of the world."

"The pulpit?" cried Bernard.

"I have said," answered the stranger; "but it is a subject too long for present discussion. On the whole, I honour the Scotch, and quarrel not with their philosophy. But see, gentlemen," continued he, "our roads will soon part; at the corner of that grey cliff I turn to another valley. You are still far from your inn: if a stranger's invitation might prevail, you shall go with me and rest you in the House of the Wold. The path is rough, but the place is tolerable, and good welcome will not fail you. Come with me," added he, "I will show you wonders."

(To be continued.)

"MERRY ENGLAND."

WHAT are the salient points of interest to the ordinary reader in the consideration of this Merry England that occupies on the one side of the Atlantic a small island, where we have crammed on the top of one another a population of about thirty-six millions of people sitting huddled together like puffins on a rock, all ready politically and socially to push and peck one another off into the blue sea if not to some warmer sphere of usefulness? While on the other side, scarce 2,500 miles to the westwards across that redoubtable ocean, there exists another England, inhabited by a splendid race of close on sixty millions of English-speaking people, who, for the most part, are as purely English bred in institution and social modes of thought as if there had never been a Dutch or German emigrant on those shores! No puffin-land this America. Prairies, forests, mountains, rivers, and lakes unfold themselves in endless extent over the whole of this vast continent, while in New England, and far south in Virginia even, the ancient homestead, the small country town, with its avenues of spreading elms, its ancient God's acre and church, tells of an old and long-established civilisation. The Londoner who flies across the Atlantic to-day in six days, and has hardly time to get out of his head the sounds of the passionate diatribe he has heard in Parliament delivered by one politician against another, and who feels that the world is going to be turned topsey-turvey by Radical agitators and labour troubles which will menace property in land and send down the price of all securities, with the contingent chances of European wars and the problematical consequences of indigestion on the wills and tempers of Imperial personages, finds himself, as I say, before he can dismiss the scenes he has left, steaming up the Hudson just off the Battery and Brooklyn Bridge and the great Statue of Liberty with its feet almost in the water, while there lies before him that magnificent city, with its glorious surrounding of blue sky and

sunshine, which is destined to be the great centre of the wealth not only of the Continent of North America, but probably to a large extent the future financial centre of European capitals. No muddy Thames, no murky Liverpool, no lines of endless square packing-cases built of brick, studded with square holes called windows, no hansom cabs or penny steamers and pirate omnibuses, but long lines of elevated railways, streams of street cars, continuous lines of docks and landing stages, gigantic steam-ferries plying backwards and forwards across the broad river, uttering ever and anon unearthly and guttural screechings from steam whistles! The scene on landing is interesting in its contrast also. Bad roads, no doubt! Evidently the consequence of Hibernian city domination! Plenty of houses with green shutters, and old streets, and so across a succession of avenues to Broadway—the Strand, Regent Street, and Cheapside of New York all thrown into one. But everyone has seen all this, and there is nothing to interest the reader in a page of Murray. No politics here evidently, only municipal elections, and lots of newspapers. Half-naked urchins rush up and down every tramcar with them, damp from the press. An endless stream of people, evidently all on business bent, flowing in every direction. Money is clearly the one absorbing interest of this town, and yet there is little display. No luxurious shops like London and Paris. Large stores, true, but evidently everything here is made to number. Your coat, your hat, your trousers, &c., &c., are all registrable to number and size. No frivolity about this sort of trade. Gigantic stores, some wholesale only, yet many Lewis and Allenbys, and Swan and Edgars, and Universal Providers, but all with a sort of wholesale air about them. Nothing to tempt extravagance. You buy there everything you can really want and come away feeling good. Cafés, hotels, bar-rooms, theatres, &c., everything is admirable, comfort reigns everywhere, with luxury of gas and mahogany, so to speak, but nothing to tempt dalliance. No Bond Street, no Rue de la Paix, no lazy people, apparently no *waste!* Yet evidently the whole town is not all the same in its habits, otherwise how account for those magnificent residences which must have cost thousands and thousands of pounds, far more than the sumptuous houses, *entre cour et jardin*, which we still often see in Paris? This part of New York, Fifth Avenue, the vicinity of the Central Park, where mansion after mansion stands side by side, over, one may say, square miles of land, denotes a wealth and ease, a luxury of refinement that neither London, with its grubby Mayfair and its glorified ducal wedding-cakes of terra-

cotta, nor even the artistic South Kensington, under its Norman Shaw and other architectural regenerators, could attempt to vie with. Here we should find, if we have the good fortune to have good introductions, the pleasantest and most beautiful homes it is possible to conceive. Yet waste and extravagance do not reign even here. No bevies of powdered footmen, yet withal most admirably served, no open house and ever-flowing bowl, and yet the most perfect and charming hospitality. Beautiful rooms, rather stiff and parlourish perhaps, no doors hardly, and many *portières*, a great many modern pictures—all French, never English. I wonder often why? No Millais, but lots of Millet or Corot, beautiful glass, china, plate, and endless flowers—an American's only real extravagance.

The fact is that this latter end of the nineteenth century promises to disclose to us many conditions of life which our fathers had but little idea of. The entire habits and modes of existence are different from what prevailed when England was led and governed by a class of resident gentry, many of them peers, who formed amongst themselves a small society, of a few hundred persons at the most, who lived principally in and about Mayfair and St. James's. In these days also New York was a small unimportant town, inferior in importance to Boston as a trading centre. The Battery and a few narrow streets around the beginning of Broadway were all that existed. Fortunes were on the same scale. A man who had made a million dollars was almost unknown. The great-grandfather of the richest family in the world, the Astors, whose aggregate fortune in real estate is commonly reputed at some three hundred millions of dollars between them, had not arrived from a small obscure German town with nothing but a few German toys as his stock-in-trade; the elder Vanderbilt had not begun to run his little ferry across New York Harbour, while the well-to-do people lived in a state of quiet simplicity, and travelled about with an absence of comfort which it is almost difficult to remember as having existed but about eighty years ago, within the memory almost of one long lifetime. A month in a sailing vessel to cross the Atlantic! Three months, at least, to have a reply to a letter was the counterpart of five days' posting outside the knife-board of a stage-coach day and night to reach Edinburgh. And let us remember that our ancestors thought that this speed was phenomenal. Before their time things were even more behindhand. The early part of this century, nevertheless, represented a considerable standard of comfort and refinement of ideas in art, in

literature, and in habits of life just at certain centres of rank and opulence, such as London and Paris. These centres were separated from one another by distances which the inventions of the end of this century have almost, so to speak, obliterated. Tell your grandfathers that you had sent a telegram of a hundred words to St. Francisco at breakfast time and read the answer over your dinner and he would think you were mad. Tell an old *bon vivant* that you would give him for dinner Blue Point oysters fresh from their oyster-bed a week ago, and that this should be followed by a canvas-back duck that was flying but the other day over the marshes near Baltimore, and he would not believe you, very naturally! Tell your sporting squire that you would feed his labourers with corn grown on the plains of Dakota at one-quarter the price he could fill his own barns for at home, and that you yourself were in the habit of farming 10,000 acres in Montana during the summer, that you had a deer forest in Scotland in the autumn, and that you always went up the Nile for winter sport, and he would have a fit, and yet all of us English and Americans do all this and more all our lives, in this latter end of our century. Consider now, if our habits have changed like this, what must have been the corresponding effects on our social habits and the ideas of the people at large? This is an interesting question, for it brings into the foreground the greater question of the reflex action which must have taken place in these two great centres of English civilisation, the one on the other. France and England have been door to door for centuries, and although you can lunch to-day in London and sup in Paris, there is as wide a difference of habit of life and ideas between these two towns as if one had been Pekin and the other Bagdad. This is not so between New York and London, nor between England and America anywhere, for the simple and particular reason that we are the same people who, though separated by a wild ocean during their development, are to-day going to become largely one in more respects than are at present discernible to many of us. A comparison of these present conditions of the English people has much interest to us politically, socially, and also from a mercantile point of view.

De Toqueville wrote for a former generation of the growth of democratic institutions in America, with a sigh over the change that he saw coming over the European world. Professor Bryce has written for us an analysis of the political developments which these democratic institutions of De Toqueville's time have elaborated into a settled form.

Yet if anyone sets himself the task of thinking out the differences of condition between England the small island and England the Great North American continent, he will admit that, so far as democracy goes, there is infinitely more pure democracy in the Old Country than in the New. In England you have a titular aristocracy and a titular crown, while you have an omnipotent House of Commons and a seething electorate, whose spare time when free from the grosser cares of life is absorbed in sport, religion, or politics, according to the class they belong to. The conflict of interest between labour and capital is always keeping the political caldron boiling, while the *oisiveté* of the classes of leisure turns their attention to either sport or æstheticism. A fraction of restless spirits driven either by the love of adventure or necessity are for ever and anon being abraded from the closely packed mass, and drift off to our Indian Empire, our colonies, or the goldfields of Africa, to win fortune and plant the English flag in remote parts of the world's surface, under the protection of a ubiquitous navy and a few red-coated soldiers. Such, in a few words, is the character of this extraordinary people called English on this side of the Atlantic. On the other everything is quite different. The American, whether he lives in an old-fashioned New England town, or on an homestead in Virginia, or a cattle ranch in Montana, or passes his life on railway cars, flying from occupation to occupation, or speculation after speculation, has one leading idea that stands above religion, politics, sport, and everything, except family, the road to wealth. He is ten times a millionaire. He has a collection of pictures that he has collected at fabulous prices. He has a wife who appears at dinners with magnificent diamonds and dresses from Worth. He lives in a glorified villa on Washington Avenue, Chicago, the stone of which even he has transported at so many cents the ton from Nebraska, say, sooner than his house should be in any way similar to his next-door millionaire neighbour, whose house stone came from Colorado. Yet this estimable man, who is endowed with more power of general appreciation, if not with direct learning, than most people, will go down to his office every day in a ten-cent tramcar and figure away early and late, and buy securities with his earnings to store them away pile after pile till he is known for his wealth all over the States, and he will end by tying up the whole fortune with a care and precision of detail and success such as would have been the admiration of an old-fashioned English family lawyer of two generations since. This is the aristocracy of England across the seas. The class exists in all great

mercantile centres of America, but New York is its Mecca. The New Yorker with eligible antecedents of wealth and family is tacitly admitted out West to a sort of undefined social superiority. He speaks with authority. Tuxedo is his home as well as the grand houses of Fifth Avenue. He has the run of all the smart villas or palaces at Newport. Not even Washington Avenue, Chicago, or Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, with all its wealth in standard oil, can hold a candle to the New York nobility. Remember, too, that there is no small reality in these things. American society to-day represents the real power of the country. Finance, railways, mines, industries, everything, in fact, that produces riches in the ordinary sense, is in its hands, while a system of law prevails regarding the rights of property, more rigid and more complete in the protection it gives to the individual than we, in latter-day England, with our Irish Land Acts and factory legislation, &c., have the remotest ideas of.

So much for the reality of the position of the aristocracy of America as compared with the titular aristocracy of England. An English duke may be toadied by a few costermongers or local clergymen, but an American millionaire holds a species of court in Wall Street or on the Chicago Exchange. His orders are things to be feared. You may be a poor man to-morrow if he has a freak of financial folly or spleen. He can influence Washington by wire from his palace at San Francisco. It is true he cannot turn a State election or return a member to Congress in his interest. But he does not want to do this. He can compass his end by other means when he requires to do so; and, as for politics, he knows the laws that govern property will not be tampered with, and therefore he is quite indifferent as to the divisions of the spoils of office. No doubt on general principles he is mostly a Republican and Conservative, and approves of protection all round, but both for him and the class immediately below him in wealth there is no such thing as politics. The squirarchy of America is the legal profession. It rules the country from end to end with an unseen hand. It comprises the most educated and the best trained intellects of the country. It is obliged also to control Congress in the same way. Its instincts are essentially the same as those of this profession in Europe. It is the arbiter of private rights and public destinies, while it avoids offending the public eye with any establishment or outward organisation. Apparently in perpetual opposition among individuals, it succeeds in absorbing all real power not held by wealth alone, while in American society it holds

rightly a place not inferior to any other; far more so than in the older country. The masses of the United States, if we can use the word, comprise everything, from the Italian emigrant, digging house foundations in New York the day after his arrival, to the professional artisan and storekeeper whose forefathers came over in Cromwellian time. Life is hard in America for all these classes. They have no time for politics, little, too, for religion, and what leisure they enjoy they are wont to spend in reading the Sunday editions of the American press, which amount to forty and fifty pages often of close print, and offer the prospect of a harder day's work for the Sunday to wade through than any working day in the week. Of sport or relaxation, in the English sense of the word, there is none in America outside New York race meetings and other large towns. Theatres there are, but they are to European ideas somewhat provincial as a rule, and degenerate largely into what are called "variety entertainments." Even bars are not places where people sit as they do in cafés in Europe. A man goes to a bar hundreds of times a day till he gets, in the expressive language of the West, "as full as a goat," but he never dallies. He drinks and goes till he can go no more. That is all his pleasure, and it is taken out in Bourbon or rye whisky, not in foaming pewters of strong ale or delicate infusions of absinthe. No, the pleasures of life to the worker in America are not varied as they are in Europe. Yet the people are infinitely happier, take them as a whole, though they work twice as hard. They, at least, own something: their house or their furniture or some stocks or bonds, something against a rainy day. They can all improve their position. Some go down, and there are charitable institutions, admirably organised, that help these unfortunates. Many succeed. Families stand together in all classes of life, and stand shoulder to shoulder. Even neighbours help neighbours in the States. A kindly and unselfish hospitality is the ruling habit of almost all, while women's influence is everywhere admitted. Such is the newer civilisation which there are many Englishmen who understand and know how to appreciate. The cranks and quirks in the Anglo-American character are fewer than with the pure English. There is less devotion to conventionalism pure and simple, such as is produced in an older people by the divisions of classes, and which in England sums itself up in the word "respectability." Yet there is a general sense of the fitness of things, so that the "scallewag" or gambler has about as bad a time of it outside his own set as could be wished for. There being no Church Establish-

ment there is no Church pretension, no religious class and priesthood. The clergyman is of the people, and is chosen by the people and dismissed by the people the same as a member to Congress. Yet the beauty of the churches and the position of the clergy are not inferior to older England, though there are no lawned-sleeve bishops in the Senate and the village churches do not date back to the time of Edward the Confessor.

Such, in a very few words, is an outline picture of the social configuration of Anglo-American life. It is not my purpose to weary the reader with details of social life picked up in New York or down South in Virginia or out in the great Western cities of the plains. Many of us have seen these things, and the circumstances are patent to every traveller; the only use of recapitulating them here is to draw some conclusions regarding the three great factors of existence which have a prime interest to us English in considering our own condition at home in contrast to that of our cousins across the water. How far are we going to act and react on one another socially, financially, *i.e.*, commercially, and what is going to be the political outcome in its wider sense of the closer connection of these two great Anglo-Saxon centres in the future history of the race in Europe and America?

The influence socially of one country on another is a thing that we have little experience of in history, since societies composed of different races and speaking different languages have lived side by side in Europe for centuries without having become in any way assimilated in social ideas. No doubt politically it has often been otherwise, and movements in one country have spread far and wide and altered institutions in a hundred ways. Social ideas, however, concern a more intimate texture of our national fabric, and can be judged of more in the literature, the art, and the domestic life of a people. Take, for instance, the custom of primogeniture in England. This does not exist as an institution in America, while it is a widely-observed habit of inheritance in all English classes. Yet in America, though there is no law permitting the establishment of an entail, there is the very strictest power regarding making a trust both for corporations and for individuals. As a rule, an American divides his property fairly between his children, and he leaves his daughters provided for much on the same lines as his sons. The consequence is that marriage is a very important question with a young man in America, apart from the sentimental side of the question. It means an alliance with some

particular centre of wealth and power. The family influence becomes broadened out financially as well as socially, especially within the charmed circle of the wealthy Four Hundred. A system hence prevails which is neither the English system of primogeniture nor the French system of the Code Napoleon. It lies between the two. The widow's right to dower is inalienable. That is the fundamental point, since marriage settlements are unknown. On the other hand, no man would think of leaving a son or daughter unprovided for. If he did, the will might be attacked on equitable grounds and the deed upset and an intestacy created.

This constant fear, therefore, governs every man in disposing of his estate. On the other hand, every American is imbued with the idea of building up a wealthy family with strong lateral connections. It is easy to see, therefore, how such a system tends to lace and intertwine financial families together, and how out of this state of things there is really growing up in that country a most powerful aristocracy of wealth in the same way that in former times in England the landowners built up an aristocracy on much the same ideas, though they were forced to add the superstructure of primogeniture to keep track with the succession to the family titles and honours. Now the land value in England has to-day vanished, but the titles remain, like the old tapestries on the walls of some empty and half-ruined châteaux. In England we try to maintain things perforce! We create new titles to grace wealth in every form as fast as it is acquired; but the system is blocked by the impoverished titles that remain, so that the peerage must eventually become either ridiculous or unmanageable socially. In America, on the other hand, wealth is the recognised standard. You may be descended from "very nice people" who once were wealthy, but if you can't keep up in the race by one means or another, *i.e.*, by money in marriage or by help from friends in business, you must retire. You and your family go West to make a new fortune, or you take up one of the polite professions and you help to populate provincial towns, but you retire from the Court. You leave New York and your daughters give up all idea of attending Patriarchs' balls. See what an influence these ideas will have on England in another generation or so! The political functions of the House of Lords will probably disappear even by the peers' wish, while the aristocracy must be recruited now entirely from trade. There are no great wars to make great generals, there are no powerful sovereigns to make great favourites. The essence of Mrs. "Partington's" hare soup

is, in fact, not there! Besides this, you have an entirely new class growing up which has great similarity of circumstance, though on a less wealthy scale, to America. South Kensington is going to overshadow Belgravia and Mayfair, while the numberless suburban families with wealth derived from foreign trade and colonial enterprise form a class that only the income-tax collector and a few far-seeing Belgravian mammas have the remotest idea of. Now this class travels largely. It is far more educated in the wider sense than Mayfair. It goes in for literature and picture galleries, as well as Sandown and lawn tennis and Hurlingham. This is the class which will be influenced by American ideas; while, on the other hand, our Transatlantic cousins, with their budding and yet powerful nobility, will continue for a long time to hanker after the glories of those institutions which created lordly mansions and broad estates and large emblazoned coats of arms with many an ancient quartering. Thus will the New World look upon the old, though in speech we may hear many a disclaimer, while the Old World will cast eyes of envy on the solidity of fortunes which they will attribute to the forms of the country's institutions rather than to its undeveloped resources.

In one sense, on the other hand, it is not improbable that the influence of England may have considerable effects socially on America. This American aristocracy of wealth is purely the product of the end of this century. Property and values which fifty years ago were unrealisable owing to the smaller intercourse with the European investor and the difficulty of making a market in a new country for sources of prospective wealth have gone up in gigantic leaps, and men whose fathers had possessed and held properties and securities for years which they obtained for very little outlay have found themselves without a single effort of their own raised to the possession of enormous wealth. The conservatism of the New Englander combined with the numerical increase of the nation have brought all forms of investments, and especially real estate, into a readily negotiable condition at enormous prices. Half the great fortunes of New York result from the careful hoarding and saving of fathers and grandfathers who had made in their time quiet insignificant investments. Trade, railway enterprise, and other sources of fortune have produced the remaining members of this wealthy class, who have been educated under very different auspices and with far greater advantages than their fathers. Foreign travel and a taste for art and a knowledge

of foreign languages, combined with a liberal education at most excellent universities, such as Yale and Harvard, have produced a class of men whose wives and daughters are a counterpart of themselves in appreciation and refinement. And yet with all this wealth there is really no way of spending it in America, when once you have built a colossal palace in Fifth Avenue, Chicago, San Francisco, or elsewhere. You sit in your palace with your dollars, and you go to business every day, as I say, in a ten-cent tramcar! There are hundreds of men in America doing this to-day. Their sons, however, will not be content with this life. At present they fly backwards and forwards to London and Paris; they live in Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix. They are the joy of hotel-keepers, but they must be deadly bored themselves. Wild sport, the country house, the Scotch moor, race meetings at Newmarket, which they find in England, they would like to have in America, and they will, undoubtedly, create all these things. This is not the place to go into details as to the spending of wealth which is going on in America to-day, but it is clear that in the not distant future America will be possessed of a representative class of landed merchant nobles who will vie in luxury and in wealth with anything that the Old World ever produced, and that the artistic riches in pictures, in furniture, and in works of art which have been so enhanced in value in nineteenth century Europe will be raised by American millionaire buyers of another generation to the most fabulous proportions. Not only this, but English ways of life among a wealthy class will become more and more popular. Except in and about New York, where yachting, racing, and country sports of various sorts prevail, there is no sort of amusement for a wealthy class. Life is, as a rule, strictly provincial. The theatres, clubs, social gatherings, where the women take the lead almost entirely, are the only diversions possible. There is little difference in this respect among the various classes of the community. There is either no time or no opportunity for the hundred and one ways in which the city clerk in England can enjoy a holiday. No bicycle tours, no small race meetings, no boating trips, &c. The national game of baseball is the only form of sport, besides trotting matches or the race meetings of the larger towns. Were it not for the constant pressure of business, the American man's life in country towns would be one life-long boredom, as, indeed, it would be often to the women to-day if they did not take an active part, as they do, in the matters of

their households and the bringing up of children. In a country where servants and finishing governesses are few, a woman has to be a help to herself and her home. But it is easy to conceive that, as one generation succeeds another, brought up to ease and comfort, an increasing demand will grow up for those forms of pleasure and ease which an older civilisation affords, and which a wealthy American envies when he goes to Europe. Much of the perennial interest which the American Press take in English social matters is a tribute to the desire of the Americans for information as to how their English cousins live in England; and there is many a society man and woman in New York and elsewhere who knows by name perfectly all the people that our friend Edmund wishes "Many Happy Returns of the day to," in the columns of the London *World*. It would not be difficult to select many other points of view from which we might contemplate the possible action and reaction of these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race on one another, but it is not my province to write a treatise on this subject. When we look to an equally important side of this question, the commercial and financial influence that these two countries will have on one another, there opens out a still larger vista of possible effects. Leaving entirely on one side all political questions such as tariffs, Irish feeling in America, or the differences of political configuration, the main point of interest is the increasing conservatism of the American methods of finance as the country produces a larger class of wealthy members in the community.

The first half of this century made little or no mark in the advance of American values, while in England the development of our coal and railways produced almost immediately an immense increase in the value of all forms of property, land included. Large commercial fortunes came into existence, and a new class absolutely was created by this trade development. The advance has, however, largely ceased. Land has fallen to an unsaleable condition. The agricultural population is impoverished, and the struggle in manufacture to secure a margin of profit in the face of competition and labour troubles at home, and adverse tariffs abroad, makes our home industries remain in a state of feverish excitement alternating between under and over production. Since 1850 America, on the other hand, has followed with steadily advancing strides. Her volume of trade has nearly outstripped the older country, and last year, for the first time, her iron industry absolutely exceeded that of England, and will continue to do so in the future. On every side in

America industries are growing, organised on far more economical methods of production than ours, with more special machinery and less hand labour employed. Her railways have cost far less to build, per mile, and are gradually being improved, largely out of income, so that freights, both for passengers and goods, although labour is paid more than double what it is in England, are less than *one-third* of what they are on our English railway systems. While railway freights are ruining our agricultural districts at home, and crippling commerce, in America the railways are opening up district after district to American and European markets, while the system of general manufacture is so far ahead of European methods that many of our home industries will suffer from American competition in the near future. The difference between England and America in commerce is one of position in the race. England possesses a class of investor who derives revenues from earlier investments at home and abroad, and is still in a position to embark capital in the new developments which are taking place in the newer country; and with prudence and care on the part of the public the English may hereafter derive large profits from American investments. Moreover, our system of City and commercial finance is still considerably ahead of the newer country, and our resources are made more effective. The main difficulty is to arrive at a sound system of organising the joint efforts of English and American capital. No end of mistakes have been made, and the English investor has been plundered by his own people far more than he has ever been let in by American speculators. Our early railway investments are an illustration of this, and the attempts which have been organised of late to start purely English managements of American ventures in London will, in all probability, result in a great deal of future disappointment. The outcome of all these commercial dealings will, however, result in the establishment in the long run of many joint Anglo-American enterprises where the direct control will be held on the other side. A foolish jealousy has to a certain extent prevented this form of development in the past, but the time is not far distant when English trust companies and English financial corporations will be formed with their headquarters in New York and other towns, and the English investor will embark his capital in industries which will be directed not by boards of inexperienced guinea-pigs sitting at Winchester House, but by Englishmen living in the States who will represent great English companies that will be in touch with the development of the country and its legal methods

of procedure. The American, on the other hand, will learn much from English methods of joint stock enterprise, and these two nations will be brought together more and more by these relations. A reflex action will take place here also. The people will be brought together socially as well as in business by these circumstances, and the business link between these two people will stand high above all McKinley tariffs, Irish discontent, or petty jealousy: business relations being a more potent factor in the lives of men than abstract political questions, which only arrive at an acute stage when the lives of people become empty and their pockets also. Lastly, I will say a word on what I call the political effect, in its wider sense, that will befall these two people from a greater and closer relation with one another. It is more to my point to look at these questions from their social and individual point of view; since politics are really only the dry bones of things, while the flesh which covers these bones of the body politic is really the social condition which is the consequence of the osteological form.

Setting aside all differences in forms of government between England and America, the social character of the people is greatly similar. That peculiar strain of roughness among the people generally which is so marked in the English character is more or less faithfully preserved with our cousins. Their vein of humour, which is far more acute and sharply marked than with the English, is distinctly rough, though eminently good-natured. The Press, which teems with its personalities, often of a most aggravated character, is the counterpart of the school and college habits of the rising generation much the same as with our own hobbledehoys. With all this there is, however, a higher standard of general refinement in the home among almost all classes in America. Even in the humblest walks of life the home is better kept, more attention is given to small things, dinners and festivities mean more as entertainments than in England. There is less happy-go-lucky sort of Bohemian coffee-housing all round. Men have their clubs, and women their children and their homes, where they are far more important factors than in Europe. Society has, in fact, a very serious side of life in America, and its doings and orderings are serious matters where the influence of the women is largely brought into play for the exercise of their family interests. These ramifyings of social relations are most complicated, and carry their bearings into the business details of families quite as much as into the recognised division of classes or professions. Family relations are held to more strongly in America than in England. The

influence of parents is greater and the family is closer knit than with the English upper class. Our own provincial life has some sort of resemblance in its inner workings to the basis that underlies social and family life in America. There is no such thing as a bored chap in America. On the other hand, there is a greater general interest taken in everything, a greater frankness of manner to strangers, and less of that instinctive suspicion which is rather a vice with the Englishman. An American makes friends far easier and more readily than an Englishman does if you approach him in the right way. He is essentially companionable. He likes a new acquaintance and is always ready for an expedition or an enterprise.

The American woman is perhaps the most different thing in America to anything in England. She has a natural quickness for appreciating the characters of the men around her, and she takes infinitely more trouble, and in some respects greater interest all round than the English woman displays. Child-bearing does not seem to crush everything else out of them as it does with all classes in England. The bright cheery girl remains the gay, carefully-dressed married woman who is always trying to show herself off quietly to the best advantage; and she understands the art perfectly, among all classes of the people. In middle age and even later in life she seems to preserve a perennial interest in everything around her; she does not grow old mentally as so many Englishwomen do. The tendency to nagging and gossip-mongering of an ill-natured character is, I fancy, rarer in that country. No doubt the climate has something to do with these differences of disposition. The men among themselves, so far as club life is an indication, are exactly the same as what we should expect to find in England. The same quiet self-respect, combined with pleasant convivial habits that we practise in England, perhaps even a little more so. Taking the two people together there is really far less difference than one might expect to find. They read the same books, they study the same ideas, and they hold by much the same ideals in England and America, so that it would be difficult to discriminate between a London and a New York drawing-room except for the fact that the voices of the women in conversation are pitched rather higher and are perhaps more inflected than with a similar bevy of well-dressed English ladies at home. The men are more sedate in manner, more punctilious in fact, more like what I fancy our own grandfathers were in their time than we find in London, as a rule, in the present day.

Such are a few of the ideas which suggest themselves to one's mind in building up a picture of the future relations of the great Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic. I have nothing to say in this sketch of any other English people. Other Englands there are, calculated, no doubt, one day to take their part in the world's history. Not only Australia, with its flourishing colonies, and New Zealand, but, in course of time, possibly South Africa. All these countries will, no doubt, have their indirect influence on Anglo-Saxon development, but none of them to anything like the extent of the United States.

There was a Merry England in the days of good Queen Bess —the England of Bacon and of Shakespeare. Wealthy merchants lived along Cheapside when lords and ladies lived in the Strand, and the Royal barge habitually went up and down between London Bridge and Westminster. The grim old Tower of London was the symbol of regal power in those times as the beautiful lacework Gothic Parliament of Westminster is to-day the symbol of the people's later omnipotence. An age of greater refinement and scientific knowledge no doubt, and yet not superior in art or learning; an age when the conception of the happiness of the greatest number is the study of the legislator and the philanthropist; while in those times loyalty to the Throne and the patriotism of a class to all that was English in ideas ruled supreme over the interests of the multitude. The world has, however, changed with the seeming transference of power from the hereditary ruler of the people to the people themselves. America and American polity has been the outcome of the free play of English ideas of nation-building on a large scale. The early principles of this science were learnt by the English from a turbulent nobility and from independent British burghers, who constructed British Parliaments and cemented the foundations of national liberty. The early English Covenanter who settled in New England had no clearer idea of his future mission to the English people than the gentlemanlike spendthrift who betook himself to Virginia and there founded a slave-holding aristocracy which went to pieces eventually under the pressure of popular opinion and jealousy from the North. Yet, while British Parliaments in England were working out the problem of national life on one side of the water, American legislators were following, by hereditary inspiration, the same road under less hampered conditions; till we find ourselves, at the close of this century, again brought together in contact as one English-speaking people, dissimilar, no doubt, as

Professor Bryce shows us, in many of the fundamental ideas that govern our political constitutions, and yet singularly one in our social conceptions, in our literary tastes, and popular ideals. So much is this true that the statesman of the future in both countries will lay these facts to heart as he considers the interests of his own particular country, seeing the enormous potential influence that can be derived from a proper amalgamation of all English-speaking interests all over the world, in the interest of peace, of commerce, and of free trade in thought and language as well as in goods. The history of the survival of the fittest among nations and races is, as with the lower animals, governed by a similar law. Thus will the Anglo-Saxon language and civilisation become to the twentieth century what the Greek civilisation—had it only been an age of steam and electricity and railways—might have been to the third century B.C.

MARLBOROUGH.

THE DANGERS OF THE ANALYTIC SPIRIT IN FICTION.

MADAME DE STAEL used to maintain that the particular mood of soul dearest to any writer might be told by simply noting what word was most often repeated in his sentences. Her ingenious remark might be applied more justly, perhaps, to an examination more difficult and delicate than that dealing with the particular tendencies of this or that writer: to an examination, that is of the tendencies of a whole literary epoch. Let some conscientious critic pick out by chance some fifty articles from magazines and newspapers which deal with imaginative works; let him take an equal number of prefaces and of interviews with novelists or playwriters, and then let him note what expressions occur most frequently. The chances are that he will lay bare, if not the deepest tendencies of living literary artists, at least their intentions and their pretensions. And though in all works of art there is a certain degree of unconsciousness; though, as a humourist has cleverly said, we are all a little like embroiderers busy on the wrong side of a tapestry whose pattern we do not see, yet it remains true that our will and our theories play an appreciable part in the production of our works of art. The history of art could prove this, if need were, by illustrious examples. It will be enough to quote the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller. It is the main interest of the correspondence that it exhibits the fecundation of two intelligences by doctrines, and the well-nigh daily and, as it were, miraculous transformation of ideas into words, theories into images, and abstract views into creative energies.

I think no person who pays heed to literary philosophy will contradict me if I say that, among the expressions thus gleaned by a curious critic, none would occur more frequently in regard to modern works of fiction than the word "analysis," with all its derivatives. To confine

myself to contemporary France,* the most unlike talents and the most opposite works are constantly ranked under the term "analytical." It is said equally of M. Sully Prudhomme and M. Zola, M. de Goncourt and M. Taine, M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Daudet, M. Guy de Maupassant and M. Jules Lemaître, that they are remarkable for their analytical talent; although at first sight it would seem as if no possible link could exist between the keenly delicate sadness of the author of the *Vase Brisé* and the violent vision of the author of *L'Assommoir;* between the minute observation of *Faustin* and the vast generalisations of *Thomas Graindorge;* between the robust vitality of the *Demi-Monde* and the tortured neurosis of *Sapho;* between the solid realism of *Pierre et Jean* and the mocking dilettanteism of *Sérénus.*

I say "it would seem" and "at first sight." As a matter of fact all works of art belonging to the same period and the same country have some feature in common, some family likeness which we easily detect when, for example, we step into a museum and see pictures of the same epoch. When we come to days actually present the discovery of this common feature becomes a more delicate matter. What is the value of that one which we have just noted; and what in the first place is the exact value, when applied to literary matters, of this word "analysis" which is used so currently to-day, as if it had a very clear meaning? It will be seen, on the contrary, that it has not one meaning but several, and those complicated. The definition is difficult just because it seems so easy. Analysis, if we take it as the common speech takes it, would be a process as essential to the faculty of a writer as observation itself. To analyse is, as the very etymology shows us, to decompose. But is there any other method which it is possible to employ in studying any object whatever? Whether the object be a gas or a wave, as in chemistry, an organism as in physiology, or a human soul as in the drama, poetry, or fiction, can the observing intelligence work otherwise than by resolving the whole into its component parts, that is to say, by analysis? On the day when a Shakespeare conceived the plan of depicting the ambitious man in Macbeth, or a Molière that of depicting the hypocrite in Tartufe, must not both of them have reduced the character which they meant to study to its elements, and to that end have separated those

*The English reader will pardon the almost exclusively French references in this short essay. It will be easy for him to replace these very significant names by names belonging to a corresponding country; and in a matter so delicate as international criticism there is always a danger, as our fabulist says, of taking the Pirœus for a man.

elements? In the ambitious man, for example, one of these elements is pride—pride of birth and pride of deeds. The man is intoxicated by a sense, which at first was just enough, of his innate power and his acquired glory. To this first element others adjoin themselves: the hope and desire of increasing their power which he feels in himself (which hope and desire are made up in their turn of manifold elements); a superstitious faith in his exceptional destiny; the love of an ill-counselling woman, and the contempt for human life developed by the habit of warfare. Consider for yourselves whether Shakespeare has not successively singled out these component parts of the great total passion which resumes and absorbs them, in his terrible hero. So Molière knew how to discriminate and to mark in his comedy all the constituent parts which go to make up the hypocrite, beginning with a contempt for human nature and a profound irreligion. Again and again Tartufe reveals by some glimpse that he looks upon heavenly things with the eye of an atheist: while his hopes, founded upon the supposed easy virtue of his patron's wife, show how much value he attaches to self-respect and the semblance of honour. The egoism pre-supposed by systematic dissimulation is several times amusingly displayed by the dramatist. The care which the false saint bestows on his person, the low sensuality of his heavy meals, the inflamed corruption of his imagination, finally, the zest of his greed, and the gesture with which, at the end of the comedy, he sets his hat on his head, as he cries out: "The house is mine, and I will make you know it," are all so many signs, each separating some one part of this character. Shakespeare and Molière, then, both of them employed the process of analysis in their masterpieces; and yet any man accustomed to the vocabulary of criticism would regard it as an insupportable abuse of language to call them analytical geniuses; and nobody will ever maintain that in these two plays they have exhibited an analytical spirit in the same sense that we used the word just now in speaking of modern and contemporary works. In analysis, then, as conceived and practised, either instinctively or intentionally, by contemporary writers, there is something special which may be rendered clearer by a comparison between the two plays of which we have just spoken and an analytical novel properly so-called. I will take one of the most celebrated in current French literature, one which has set a fashion, and which happens to be founded on a study of mingled ambition and hypocrisy—that is to say, Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir*. I suppose this curious work is sufficiently familiar to the reader of these

notes to render hardly necessary any recapitulation of the story which serves as its theme. The tale, commonplace enough fundamentally, is that of a Comtois peasant in 1820, excited by the thought of Napoleon's extraordinary fortune, very simple yet prematurely corrupt, who, in order to get out of his own class, assumes the priest's gown, much as he would in 1800 have assumed the hussar's jacket; deliberately heaps lie upon lie, and seduction upon seduction; is by turns tutor, seminarist, great man's secretary, and officer; and is on the point of realising his wildest dreams by a marriage which for him is almost miraculous; who then, in the very zenith of this hope is struck down by a former mistress's denunciation, avenges himself by murder, and dies on the scaffold. This character and this fate are undeniably tragic. Yet if we measure the number of pages in the book devoted to the tragedy, and compare with it the number devoted to setting forth the ideas and feelings of the hero, we shall find that the ratio is as one to ten. This is because to Stendhal neither the deeds of his hero nor the environments of his character supply the main interest. What the novelist cares to do is to lay bare, by means of deeds, the inner mechanism which produces them; and, by means of this character, the general laws which determine its development. He is not, like Shakespeare or Molière, an observer who looks for the sake of painting well; he is an observer who looks for the sake of looking. The author of *Macbeth* and the author of *Tartufe* are, above all, artists for whom the colour of life is the principal, the sole object. Stendhal, too, is an artist, and an artist of the first order, though much inferior to these two. But in him the artist is accompanied by a professional philosopher and a professional psychologist. Between him and the masters beside whom I have set him, there is the same difference as between Vandyke, Rubens, or Rembrandt, and an engraver of anatomical plates. Anatomy is a possession of these admirable painters too, but they use it to fuse their science in their art, to veil the muscle whose place they know, and to hide under living flesh the vein whose pulse they know. The engraver, on the contrary, uses his skill as a draughtsman to strip off the epidermis from the muscle, and to uncover the vein. Observe how Shakespeare and Molière alike take pains to display their people by gestures and words, that is to say, by the results of the inner working which has taken place in them. If, on the other hand, you examine a chance chapter of Stendhal's novel you will perceive that he attacks, in the first place and principally, the thoughts of the man. To take a comparison

which is a little commonplace, but which will make the difference more salient, Shakespeare and Molière are like watchmakers who make clocks to go and to show the time of day ; Stendhal is a watchmaker who only makes his clock go in order to observe and exhibit the action upon one another of its wheels and its springs, and who, at need, would break it, the better to display its machinery.

The spirit of analysis, then, such as it appears in one of those authors who have most contributed to introduce it into the art of fiction, seems to consist in a minute pursuit of details working in the service of a pursuit of causes. While to the writers of the great classic traditions this art of fiction is an occasion for images and emotions, it becomes to the analyst an occasion for ideas and reflections. The impression of life interests them much less than the understanding of life ; when they consider the development of a passion, they give much less attention to the force of the movement which is driving the heart of a man or woman towards joy or grief than to the succession of stages through which the movement passes. This particular inclination of mind explains the tendency presented by all writers of analytic temperament to enclose themselves in their own personality and to busy themselves with the study of their Self. There is no evolution of soul which we are in a position to know so much in detail, and with so full a view of causes, as that of our own soul. Thus we see a young Sainte-Beuve, a Benjamin Constant, a Baudelaire, and an Amiel — to quote a few of the most determined analysts in our literature of the last hundred years—beginning and sometimes going on and finishing by autobiographical monographs in the guise of novels or poems ; while in other quarters we may remark that there is a constant tendency on the part of writers who are highly imaginative but at the same time deeply analytical—George Eliot and Count Tolstoi, for example—to place their characters in that twofold state when we live and see ourselves living, when we note in ourselves the phenomena of feeling at the moment that they arise, when we are at once authors and spectators of the drama of our own passions, virtues, and vices.

That such a disposition of mind existed more or less before our day is evidenced to us by the masterly picture which the least subjective of men, this very Shakespeare, drew of it in his *Hamlet*. But when this disposition becomes well nigh general in the literature of an epoch, so that almost all the best works of fiction since the beginning of the century are impregnated with it, it comes to be a fact in social psychology

whose great importance it would be idle to deny. Every great modification of rhetoric corresponds to some great modification of feeling. If the analytical spirit, such as I have tried to depict it, at least in some of its salient points, has made its way into all branches of our imaginative literature, there are reasons for it of some very general kind, and I think I see two or three very clearly. The first of these, which is of a purely intellectual sort, is the growing preponderance in works of art of our day of the scientific over the æsthetic point of view. Notwithstanding reactions of all sorts and efforts from very opposite directions, it is certain that the generality of contemporary artists are more concerned about truth than about beauty. Therein they are children of a century in which the use of positive methods has renewed almost every department of civilisation. An extreme taste for exact data has ensued; and it is this taste which dramatists, novelists, and poets have obeyed in trying to paint life as it is.

From this to treating human passions and characters as the scientific man treats flowers and insects when he looks at them with nippers and a microscope, trying to discover ever tinier details, and to unravel ever minuter complications, was but a single step; and our writers have been the readier to take it because education, as it is, singularly fosters in those who receive most of it the inclination to intimate dissection of ourselves and others. In such epochs as those of Shakespeare and Molière, or, nearer to our own day, in the eighteenth century, every writer belonged to a corner of the world which he scarcely ever left, and to a set of habits, principles, and prejudices to which he submitted without much inquiry. Travel was difficult, communication between countries infrequent; culture, which was sometimes very intense, was nearly always local. Thence it followed that the critical sense was drowsy, but also that the savour of individual character was, if the expression may be allowed, much more clearly cut. But let us take a student of to-day, one, I mean, in whom an imagination capable of conceiving states of soul is already at work, for this is the essential gift, if a man is to become a workman, great or small, in the art of fiction. Around this young man and within his reach are the literatures of twenty lands and twenty different races. With Racine and Madame de la Fayette he may bring before him the subtle and reasoning love of the seventeenth century; with Dante's *Vita Nuova* and the sonnets of Cino or of Petrarch, he can comprehend the imaginative and mystic love of the Middle Ages; or with the poets of India and Persia, the glowing passions

of the far East; with Tourgenief and the Russian novelists, he may look into the undulating and disturbing Sclavonic sensuousness; or with Goethe, Schiller, and Heinrich Heine into the heart of Germany; he may feel with Alfred de Musset, Gautier and Baudelaire the passions of the Parisian "Romantics" between 1830 and 1850; or with Shelley and Keats the pantheistic intoxication of English neo-paganism. He feels trembling within him the germs, the possibilities, of all these varied flowerings of sentiment. He is at the age when, in the often-quoted and always apt words of the gentlest of Church Fathers, "we love to love." He tries, naturally enough, to appropriate one or another of these states of sou whose description tempts him. He is like a gardener who, having before him an infinite variety of roses, should try to graft them, one by one, upon the stems in his garden. Then there arises, in such a young man, a sensibility which is half artificial because it is acquired by imitation and imagination, and half real because he has a very simple and spontaneous need to feel. This conscious sensibility is particularly favourable to a double state, and, therefore, likely to awaken the analytic spirit; and it is because nearly all writers have to a greater or less degree been educated thus, that they have all, more or less, allowed this faculty—or this disease—to grow up in them.

We are left, in truth, to put to ourselves the question whether the spirit of analysis brings with it more advantages or more drawbacks. This is a problem which it is not easy to confine to the sole domain of literature, and that because of the close connection just pointed out between the analytic spirit and the whole state of feeling. If, however, we take those works of fiction in which analysis reduces the unforeseen to the certainty of given results, we must own that they partly justify the claims of authors who, like Balzac and Beyle, have worked out the title of doctors of social science. It is manifest that we can find more evidence about the wretchedness of human nature and the disorganisation of certain moral crises, and consequently about the dangers of certain educations and certain influences, in *Adolphe*, in *Die Wahlverwandschaften*, in *Volupté*, *Dominique*, and *Silas Marner*, to quote some masterpieces of this style, than in whole libraries of the works of other schools. It may be added that these books and their like, although what they sought was above all accuracy, have caught a certain new shade of beauty. It happens that in this eager dissection of the heart's finest fibres the writer produces impressions of pathos, curious and pitiful, which were before unknown. Painting, as they habitually do, unhappy

souls, souls which almost find a pleasure in their sufferings and lend themselves, if one may say so, to the wound, these books sometimes give us a strangely attractive impression of spiritual martyrdom.

This is what Sainte Beuve, who understood these matters, expressed, when he spoke, somewhere or other, of the "dreary charm of *Adolphe*." On the other hand this same spirit of analysis, if carried too far, condemns the author of whom it takes possession to serious defects, the first of them being an incapacity to draw what is simple, sane, and spontaneous in nature. It is, indeed, one of the great laws of the art of fiction that it should render characters by setting itself at their point of view, instead of setting them at the author's. A novelist, for instance, who puts a citizen in the midst of a landscape, and describes this landscape according to his (the novelist's) eye, instead of showing only what the citizen's imagination is able to see in it, commits a fault akin to that of a sculptor who, in a statue, should mistake the proportion of one limb to the whole body. It is this error, it may be noted in passing, which taints Flaubert's admirable *Madame Bovary* with a touch of the factitious. This is the fault constantly committed by analytical novelists when they apply their method to primitive beings or even to creatures of mere want. Acts performed under the pressure of necessity are mostly marked by an absence of reflection which should be reproduced as such. What have analytical developments to do with these cases? And, again, what have they to do when the movement of life has to be reproduced, and things told rapidly which were rapidly done, when dialogues have to be multiplied, and the style to become, as it were, out of breath? The same novelist who amazed us by deep insight into the depths of the heart seems, when he comes to the active portion of his tale, languid, cold, clumsy, awkward, and unequal to his task. Finally, analysis has this third, and worst, fault: that it easily becomes monotonous and pedantic. It too much reveals the constant presence of the author—who tends to take the place of his character—and his didactic intention. These drawbacks go to prove the truth, older even than literature, that not every tool is good for every use. I think, however, for my part, that this tool has already executed very fine works, that it will execute many more, and that we should be wrong to be too hard upon the points where it is insufficient, for it is with this tool that we have been able, after the great classic periods, to create an art of our own, gloomy, modern, and new, inferior no doubt to the art of masters in saner and stronger times—but which is *our* art.

PAUL BOURGET.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

I.

ENGLISH readers will certainly not expect from me a detailed history of the Egyptian question; but with the desire which they have, I will not say of knowing the truth, but of weighing contradiction, they will, I imagine, be glad to read a summing up of those opinions which have been awakened in a French mind by the acts of the *occupying* Government in Cairo.

In my judgment, the Liberals were sincere in their first endeavours to raise and reconstitute Egypt; and this sincerity appears to me to depend upon a sum of feelings which I am about to explain.

I do not know whether I exaggerate what Mr. Gladstone feels, since age has set free his thought and mind from narrow personal passions; but it seems to me that he experiences a certain repugnance in regard to traditional Conservative policy. The tardy pity which he displayed for the woes of Ireland, certain acts too numerous to quote, which have justly separated from him some Radicals born Conservative, like Mr. Chamberlain, and some false Liberals, like the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Goschen—all these show a weariness of English political courses, and a desire to enrol himself at last on the side of truth and justice, in contradistinction to the reputation, centuries old, of "perfidious Albion."

As to his chief lieutenant, Mr. John Morley, a man of high moral worth, of whom his enemies even do not speak otherwise than respectfully, was he not obeying the sentiment which to-day rules Mr. Gladstone's life when, from a resounding tribune, he criticised the policy of the Conservatives in Egypt?

"England," said he, "plays a sorry part in the eyes of Europe by violating her promises; she is hampered in all directions by the position which she has taken up at Cairo, and her attitude there has made difficulties in Newfoundland. On the other hand, England would never have acted as she has done at Zanzibar had she not been in her present

situation in Egypt. This situation has given to Germany an advantage over England."

It may be added that, unless Lord Salisbury, being determined to hold the mastery of the Land of the Pharaohs, had been compelled to seek the support of a Triple Alliance, he would never have thought of asking the cession of Heligoland from an English Chamber. What is more, the Foreign Office, in its desire to preserve Egypt and the approach to the Soudan, has been led from concession to concession till (by a logical fatality which once more shows the dangers of perfidy) it has allowed Germany to penetrate into Egypt; and the machinations of Major Wissmann, who, under English auspices, actually prepared the access into Africa, viâ Khartoum, are fresh in remembrance. I cannot help wondering whether Emin Pasha, by his flight to Wadelai, may not be completing some grandiose scheme of an African empire in rivalry with England that has had its germ in the disturbing brain of William II. Conservative policy in Egypt has been one course of misdeeds, as I will prove. Not to go back to the Deluge, I will touch on one most striking fact, which clearly demonstrates Lord Salisbury's constant resolution to take gradual and definite possession of Egypt and to prevent the possibility of the Egyptian feeling returning towards France. The fact is typical. It is the decree abolishing the *corvée*, which was promulgated on the 21st of September, 1890. It will be made clear, by the series of facts which I am about to enumerate, that it was not from a feeling of humanity—which I should be the first to admire—that Lord Salisbury wished to free the Fellaheen from the most vexatious and tyrannical tax ever imposed upon a nation.

The palpable aim of this necessary reform was certainly not a tenderness for the Fellaheen, such as had never been shown by native governments, but a desire to drive France into a corner from which she could only escape with damage.

Abroad—and none of our political interests tend to alter this—we are considered as a sentimental people, eager for justice, defenders of the interests of the humble, acting wherever we exercise our influence according to our highest conceptions of the rights of man. The abolition of the *corvée*, then, was presented to France with a train of arguments so specious that in her candour she discussed this abolition, and placed conditions upon it, thus accepting the odious part assigned her by the head of the Tory party, failing gravely in her own principles, and becoming so deeply entangled in the toils of the Foreign Office that

whatever befell she could but compromise her popularity, either by yielding compulsorily later on to further concessions or by an obstinate resistance.

The Fellaheen deceived or conquered, France could only try not to lose her popularity in Egypt with the European colonies. With a Machiavellian spirit which, since Lord Salisbury took command, has failed in no opportunity, great or small, of exhibiting the impotence or improvidence of France, the Foreign Office caused its agents to examine and revise the law of licences. The principle of this revision had been accepted at the Conference of London in 1885, in consequence of the needs of the Egyptian Budget. But the situation was no longer the same, and it would have been to our interests to defend the European colonies at all costs, being as they were a powerful obstacle to the assimilation of Egypt by England. To submit to taxes upon our colony and our commerce, to consent to a levy of rates upon houses, upon landlords, upon tenants, upon our imported produce, to yield without protest to fresh municipal dues, while the Egyptian Government appropriated the old ones; finally to submit without any guarantee to the tax upon licences,—if all these things at first sight seemed impossible, why, that, said Lord Salisbury to himself, was all the more reason to attempt them, in order to destroy for ever and ever our prestige with our clients, whether French or Egyptian.

Our first interest, then, would have lain in defending the European colonies against the occupying Government. We ought only to have accepted the remodelling of the law of licences on two conditions: 1st. The reduction of excessive rates and the establishment of a fixed rate, so as to avoid the inquisitorial proceedings that might arise from local valuations. 2nd. The application of the tax-fund to the betterment of the towns where it was raised, these towns being at the end of their resources, ill-watched, ill-swept, and in no way sanitary, since, in December, 1890, the official death rates at Cairo and Alexandria were forty-two and fifty-six in the thousand. The defence of the interests of the European colonies would have been for us a safe and lawful field of operations. France, lulled asleep by England, continued to present the extraordinary spectacle of consent where she should have resisted, after having, in the matter of abolishing the *corvée*, discussed where she should have applauded or rather have taken the initiative. Few persons understood the line followed by the English Tory Government in Egypt, and many seriously reproached Lord Salisbury with

not having worked for the prosperity of the country. Even at Cairo the English were solemnly reproached for hampering commerce, for not establishing public works, for not doing anything for the health of the large towns, or rendering communication easy. But anything that they had done in these directions would have been for the advantage of the European colonies—especially the French and the Greek, which are the strongest. I repeat what I have said for years—that the European colonies are the natural enemies of the English, who desire to annex Egypt. If Lord Salisbury is to be satisfied, these colonies must be exhausted and impoverished, the colonists must go home, beggared, as quickly as possible, and European immigration into Egypt must cease; Alexandria, the commercial capital, must be enfeebled in favour of Cairo, the administrative capital. The energy, the cohesion, the vitality of the European colonies must disappear as quickly and as completely as possible. The only means to bring about these things is that the country shall not be prosperous, well organised, and comfortable, and that everything in it shall be dear, difficult, and complicated. Let it therefore be well understood that Lord Salisbury cannot desire the prosperity of Egypt, because of the ends which he had in view, and that he will try to get rid of the foreigners who live there. If all commercial relations were broken, and the field free, the Conservatives, being absolute masters of the situation, would set to work and refashion Egypt to their own taste, and for their own profit. Will the Liberals come into power in time to prevent them, or will France at last understand that her immediate interest is, at the least, resolutely to maintain the *statu quo?* Since the bombardment of Alexandria, France has resisted only as a matter of form, and has always ended by consenting to all the demands of England, whatever they might be, without demanding or obtaining anything in exchange. We have paid contributions to strengthen the Egyptian army, which is commanded by English officers, and which has itself become as much an English army as is the army in India. One by one we have allowed the elimination of all the French officials, and their places have been filled by Englishmen or Egyptians. We have persistently put upon ourselves the unpopularity, in the eyes of the Fellaheen, of certain resistances, or delays in execution, as in the case of the advantages arising from conversion of the debt. When the mischief was done, and the threats of England carried out, we always yielded, without having shown the smallest cleverness in covering ourselves; without, for instance, inclin-

ing the European colonies favourably towards us by delaying the imposition of new taxes, licences, &c. England has thus laid hold of the army, education, and public works; there remained only one small but very useful department—the administration of justice—and 1890 gave her that, too. A circular addressed by the English Government to the Consuls-General unmasked its game more and more. It was now beginning its alarming campaign for the purpose of partly withdrawing penal jurisdiction from the various Consulates, and passing it over to the mixed courts, which it had taken pains to retain in its own hands, thus sapping by so-called police regulations the last foundations of Consular protection for foreign countries. At Clause 2 of the regulations as to judicial organisation the Reform Commission had proposed to substitute a new clause, the text of which may be found in Appendix A. The object of this clause was to extend the jurisdiction of the said mixed courts to disputes relating to deeds registered in the record offices of the said courts, even between *foreigners* of the same nationality, while maintaining their absence of jurisdiction over cases concerning real estate between *natives*, and over disputes arising out of deeds registered in the said record offices between *natives*. This new clause further proceeded: "It may not be unnecessary to remark that the judges of the mixed court of appeal had already finally decided that, notwithstanding Clause 9 as now existing, which might appear doubtful, the mixed courts had no jurisdiction in questions of real estate between natives."

Since there was nothing in the nature of authority over land to withdrawn from the European Consulates, the occupying Government desired to restrict the authority of the mixed courts in favour of the even more subservient native courts. We see that the constant object of weakening the international institutions of Egypt was never out of Lord Salisbury's thoughts. It will be remembered how the Quai d'Orsay was duped by the Foreign Office about the agreement in regard to the Suez Canal. At that time I wrote upon this subject: "Whoever holds Egypt holds the Canal, and whoever holds the Canal can prevent any effective action in the extreme East. Our Tonkin, our Indo-Chinese Empire, our lost battalions, our buried millions, the honour of the flag, are all to-day in danger."

The occupying Government, neglecting nothing which might be hostile to us, went so far as to trespass on the patriarchal rights of our Catholic communities in the East. Great Mussulman families which

supported us by their influence were harassed in the most unjustifiable manner.

But the most complete and damaging weapon forged in London against Continental Powers and their Consular representatives consists in the so-called police regulations.

In the London Conference of 1885 the right of making police rules which should apply to foreigners had very injudiciously been granted to the Khedive, or rather to Sir E. Baring. This was a distinct departure from the original agreements. But it was alleged that the matters in question were but unimportant details, trivial penalties; the interests concerned were absolutely secondary; the whole thing was, so to speak, a mere modification of form—a convenient simplification which lightened Consular jurisdiction. And, lo! these soothing regulations have become an instrument for suppressing all the privileges and liberties of Europeans, and all the authority of the Consuls. In virtue of these regulations the right is claimed of making domiciliary visits, of searching persons, closing public establishments at the will of local officials, exercising control over the state of residents by imposing taxes and fines, and demanding authentic documents of all sorts; the trade of one man and the labour of another are interrupted by mistake, or carelessness, or fancy; in short, the European colonies are left with none but powerless defenders.

France does not contest England's right to a fair share of influence in Egypt; and we have this advantage, that no one can accuse us of desiring a French Egypt. But in spite of our spirit of concession we really could not go on for ever taking part passively in *our own evacuation*. M. Ribot was bound to point out to England that our policy was taking a fresh direction. Our faith in the Liberal promises —promises which the Conservatives had evaded—was at last becoming too plain a self-deception and too silly a simplicity. Nor was it ever intended that the credit which we gave to the good faith of the negotiations opened in 1882 should be unlimited. If the English have not been able in ten years to accomplish their work of regeneration in Egypt, the reason is that, in the first place, there was nothing to be regenerated, but only wrong-doings to be put right, which they have in a measure replaced by other wrong-doings; and then that Lord Salisbury's object was not the organisation of the country, but the organisation of the exploitation of the country.

About this season the English Prime Minister has an annual fever

of infatuation on the subject of Egypt. At the Guildhall last year, at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, he said: "If Egypt is reviving under English guardianship, is that a reason to put an end to England's rule?" His satisfaction goes on growing. This year: "I am convinced," said he, "that the Egyptian people are proud of the splendid success which has crowned the efforts of our officials and our soldiers. Whatever happens, whether our plans are accomplished or no, whatever party may be in power, the English nation will never withdraw its hand from carrying out the strong, vigorous, benevolent, and humane enterprise to which its pride is now committed." The matter, then, is now clearly stated. Conservative England will not evacuate Egypt, and the leader who guides it has signified this in his most arrogant tone. If this had been all that was required to make France wish for the return of the Liberals to power, she would have ample reason. Tory England will not leave Egypt, but, in order to carry on her machinations and crown her enterprises, she will oblige all foreign nations in the persons of their colonists and their representatives, who will have become useless, to evacuate Egypt. The question, therefore, ceases to be a purely French and English one, and becomes international.

Moreover, the Suez passage is one which most maritime Powers would not be willing to see closed either to their merchant ships or warships. Therefore, all Governments, which are moved by good sense, will be with France in protesting against this cold-blooded appropriation. Their interests are engaged like our own and as deeply as our own.

For those who know how to read between the lines Lord Salisbury's last speech indicates that he and his party mean to keep Egypt, and that his whole policy is subordinated to this intention. Englishmen know to-day that the sudden and unexpected moral abdication of England, sanctioned by the Anglo-German treaty, was a proof that, at the price of Heligoland and the concessions made by the Foreign Office in Africa, Germany consented to abandon Egypt to England.

It will be a question for English Liberals and indeed for the nation at large (a nation with a curiously keen eye for the play of far-off international forces) whether the seizure of Egypt was worth the price paid for it. That price was subservience to Germany, active participation in the movements of the Triple Alliance, and the enmity of France, which, when she comes to assert her rights, will be driven more and more to confound her interests in the East and in the Mediterranean with the interests of Russia, which are the most opposed

of all to those of England. But there are two Englands. There is one England which is actual, modern, of the twentieth century, economical, just touched by practical Socialism, and which knows that the hope of military conquest is a pure folly that cannot triumph without the expenses of armies. This England feels, notwithstanding all the fine speeches of her Premier, that since she does not herself pay for the occupation of Egypt she is exhausting the country which provides such ample pasture for her army, her agents, her officials, and her police.

After her fortunate adventure in 1882 England had a part to play in Egypt in which everything might have been for her profit, economically, politically, and morally. This part consisted in taking towards the Powers in general, and towards France in particular, which was the most interested, the following attitude, and speaking thus: "We have, we English, as a necessary consequence of the historic developments which have just arisen, not a predominant, and still less an exclusive position in Egypt, but a preponderating position. We wish to use it for the good of that country, but not to abuse it. You, Europeans of the Continent, you French especially, have great interests in Egypt, which are old established, and worthy of respect; you have industrious and important colonies, and experienced and honourable agents. We ask you to join forces, to add these influences and these intelligences to ours. Our programme is the amelioration of administrative and economic conditions in Egypt and the consolidation of the necessary guarantees which have for centuries in this Mussulman country protected the liberty of Europeans and the beneficent, civilising effects of this action."

This, moreover, would have been to keep promises already made. We need only remember the proclamation of General Wolseley on the 19th August, 1882: "The Governments represented by the undersigned engage that, in any arrangements which may be made in consequence of their concerted action for the regulation of affairs in Egypt, they will not seek any territorial advantage nor the concession of any exclusive privilege, nor any commercial advantage which any other nation cannot equally obtain"; and this dispatch from Lord Granville to Sir Edward Waller on November 6th, 1881: "The policy of Her Majesty's Government in Egypt has no other object than the prosperity of the country and its full enjoyment of the liberty obtained through successive Firmans of the Sultan up to, and including, that of 1879. . . . The bond which unites Egypt to the Porte is, in our opinion, an important safeguard against foreign intervention . . . and for this reason it

is our object to maintain this bond in its present form. . . . Any attempt on the part of either of the two Governments (France and England) at increasing its own influence would be sufficient to destroy this useful co-operation. The Khedive and his Ministers may be assured that Her Majesty's Government has no intention of departing from the line of conduct which it has laid down for itself." England might have added: "We do not wish to ignore the fact that European guarantees in Egypt are not only rights sanctioned by treaties, but are also the rational consequence of social and legislative differences between Mussulman and Christian States. You, on your part, must recollect, as we ourselves do, that England, for a time at least, and in the name of Europe, has undertaken a very serious responsibility. Its weight is heavy. We invite you to share it with us. What we wish is to unite into one group, under the protection secured by the presence of our troops, the living forces of European interests in Egypt, and to develop the prosperity of the country to the advantage of us all."

If England had understood her mission thus, she would have brought about an exceptional position which no one could have attacked in regard to Egypt, and by this time would brilliantly have accomplished her mission.

If the rights of the Europeans had been better defined and their share of assistance in whatever touched judicial and administrative questions had been made precise, undisputed, and advantageous, it would indisputably have been easy to pass from a provisional to a permanent state of things. The question of evacuation, coming thus to be the proof of a success, of an accomplished work, would no longer have been in any degree irritating; it would have been the consecration of a good deed realised. This "evacuation" would have arisen slowly of itself as the military and police forces of Egypt assumed the cohesion and acquired the discipline of which they are by no means incapable. The Khedive, preserving a certain authority, would by degrees have prepared himself for his part as a reigning prince.

England has adopted the opposite course to this wise policy; instead of rallying the Powers around her to co-operate in the common work, she has made war on the fixed agreements; instead of reassuring the foreign colonies she has constantly disturbed them, as I have proved above. Instead of calling for the assistance of all their strength, intelligence, and good-will, she systematically alienated them. The Tory Government, taking advantage of the instructions given by the Governments of the

Triple Alliance, which have sacrificed and are sacrificing their national interests in Egypt to the satisfaction of disturbing France's position in the East, has, as we have seen, carried out an obstinate campaign against all improvements, all plans, all suggestions which might advance Continental and especially French interests.

England has sown the wind, she is reaping the whirlwind: her work can only end in evacuation or annexation. Her inability to govern is already showing itself not merely in a latent official and diplomatic form, and Lord Salisbury has come to designate as "enemies of England" those nations which permit themselves to criticise his policy in the Nile valley. It is evident that France is explicitly intended; and the expression is a strong one: a French Minister would certainly not have employed it in speaking of Great Britain, which we reckon—at least in our diplomatic language—as a "friendly" nation.

If England wants to know who are her real enemies in the Egyptian question, it is easy to tell her; she has but one—herself. English opinion, which has so much weight with English Governments, seems to be ranging itself in opposition to Lord Salisbury's policy, which has itself led to this result by going to the greatest extremes of exaggeration.

The idea of Egypt for the Egyptians is making way among our neighbours. The latest by-elections have given even to the Tories themselves an unexpected and conspicuous proof of the advance of those opinions which approve and ratify the courageous words of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley.

The General Election will bring back statesmen to power who know that the solution of the Egyptian question lies not in Egypt but in Varna and Afghanistan. Complications in this quarter will arise whether the Liberals return to power, or whether the Tories remain established. Come what will, the position of France in Egypt will be set free, either by events which will punish the evil intentions of the Tories, or by the advent of the Liberals, who have some insight into the future.

JULIETTE ADAM.

*** Madame Adam requests me to state that this article was written before the recent utterances of Mr. A. J. Balfour and Sir Charles Dilke, which have thrown a new light on the situation.—ED.

II.

I HAVE been asked to write something about the Egyptian question in rejoinder to the foregoing article. It is with some reluctance I have acceded to this request. The reasons for my hesitation are twofold. In the first place, I hold that, as a rule, the less said or written about Egypt, by those who share my views on the subject, the better for the object we have at heart. That object, I need hardly say, is the permanent establishment of a British Protectorate over Egypt. The course of events, the logic of facts, are working on our side. Every month that passes renders our occupation less provisional in character, accelerates the process under which the administration of the country is passing into English hands, and increases the difficulty of our withdrawing our troops. What is even more important is that this Anglification of Egypt, if I may be permitted to coin the term, is not due to any deliberate design on the part of the British authorities, but results from the action of causes which it is beyond their power to control. This being so, all that the partisans of a Protectorate have to do is to let well alone. To pull up a plant in order to see how the roots are growing is a mistake in politics as well as in horticulture. It is for this reason that, though my interest in Egyptian affairs remains as keen as ever, I have written but little concerning them for some time. Writing for writing's sake has never commended itself to my mind; and if any cause in which I am interested is better served by silence than by writing, I, for one, am all the better pleased. My second cause for hesitation is that it is difficult to write the truth about the Egyptian question without saying things that are naturally offensive to French susceptibilities, a thing, which, on personal as well as public grounds, I have always shrunk from doing. To the Egyptian question, as indeed to any other question in the world I have ever met with, there are undoubtedly two sides. The English case is, in my judgment, far the stronger of the two. But still there is a French case also—a case which I venture honestly to say might be based on far more effective grounds than your contributor has chosen for the purpose. Even if it were possible to prove to demonstration that England was altogether in the

right, and France was altogether in the wrong, such a demonstration would only intensify the irritation caused to Frenchmen by our success in Egypt. All nations display a good deal of feminine character in international controversies, the French nation, perhaps, more than most others; and women, we have all learnt to know, "convinced against their will, are of the same opinion still."

But there are other considerations which have outweighed my view as to the expediency of letting sleeping dogs lie. I cannot doubt that the Franco-Russian alliance will, at no distant period, be employed by France to bring pressure to bear on England in order to force her to evacuate Egypt. Russia, I am convinced, has not the remotest notion of going to war with Germany for the sake of re-instating France in the possession of Alsace and Lorraine. She is bound, however, to do something to satisfy French expectations, and the only thing she can well do is to assist France in turning us out of Egypt. It seems to me therefore, more than probable that at no distant date we shall be confronted by a summons from two, if not more, of the great Continental Powers to fix an early date for the evacuation of Egypt. In itself, such a notice to quit, even if it was served upon us by an European Areopagus, need give us no cause for serious alarm. If we simply declined to leave, or to give any date for our leaving, till such time as seemed good in our own eyes, we have no cause to fear any action being taken in order to enforce the summons. *J'y suis j'y reste*, is an unanswerable argument when the demand for departure is certain not to be followed up by action. Now, no one of the European Powers, with the possible exception of France, has sufficient motive for desiring our withdrawal from Egypt to make our non-compliance with their suggestion a *casus belli:* and France is bound over to keep the peace by the knowledge that any rupture between herself and England must necessarily compel the latter to throw in her fortunes with the Triple Alliance. If, therefore, England is prepared to hold her ground in Egypt, she can, with perfect safety, afford to disregard any *sommation respectueuse*, or otherwise, on the part of France and Russia with regard to our sojourn in Egypt.

It would, however, be idle to deny that a section—an active if not an influential section—of the Liberal party are desirous, for reasons of their own, to force on the withdrawal of our troops from Egypt. The Liberal party are, or at any rate profess to be, confident that within a few months they will be back in office. At this juncture Mr. Gladstone

has gone out of his way to express an opinion that the early evacuation of Egypt is demanded alike by the interests and the honour of this country. I am assured, with what degree of truth I know not, that this declaration has been received with alarm by many prominent members of the Gladstonian party, and has since been qualified as being the personal opinion of its author, not that of the party which he leads. But of this I feel certain, that Mr. Gladstone was sincere in his utterances on this subject. From the outset he has, to my own knowledge, been personally averse from our intervention in Egyptian affairs. He only consented to it against his will, when it became certain that non-intervention would cause the defeat of his Government, and ever since the close of the campaign, undertaken, as it was, without conviction and pursued without energy, he has refused to accept the logical consequences of his own action and has endeavoured to withdraw from what he regards, rightly or wrongly, as a false position. I am quite sure, therefore, I am not misrepresenting Mr. Gladstone by saying that he would welcome any plea under which we could quit Egypt without absolute and flagrant dishonour. I am even more certain that the English Radicals will support the demands of France for the early termination of our military occupation. And I am most certain of all that the moderate Gladstonian Liberals, even if they personally disapprove of a policy of scuttle, will not carry their disapproval to the point of quitting the Liberal party if its leader insists on evacuating Egypt. If in order to keep in with Mr. Gladstone they have consented to swallow Home Rule for Ireland, it is folly to suppose that for the same object they will not accept autonomy for Egypt. After the Newcastle speech it is regarded in France as a foregone conclusion that the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power means the evacuation of Egypt. Such a conviction is apt to bring about its own fulfilment. I recognise fully the enormous practical difficulties in the way of withdrawing our army of occupation. But still the thing is capable of being done; and I wish I felt confident that the Liberal party, if they return to power, will not succeed in doing it.

The time has, therefore, come when those who share my view that the retention of our mastery over Egypt is a matter of vital importance to the British Empire should speak out their minds. On this account I consider the foregoing article is one well deserving of serious attention. The writer is well known, and in virtue of her position is familiar with the ideas and sentiments of the French, or, at any rate, the Parisian political world. Now, the whole of Madame Adam's

arguments are based on the assumption that France possesses some sort of vested right in Egypt, out of which she has been jockeyed by England. Of this assumption no proof is furnished, for the very obvious reason that no proof is forthcoming. The sole historic connection between France and Egypt lies in the fact that the First Napoleon invaded the country and occupied Cairo for a brief period; that the French Government, under Louis Philippe, sided with Mahomet Ali in his conflict with the Sultan; that French capitalists and financiers provided Ismail Pasha, at usurious rates, with the funds required to carry out his extravagant personal expenditure, and thereby burdened Egypt with a colossal public debt; and that M. de Lesseps constructed the Suez Canal through Egyptian territory. It is the custom of French publicists to talk of the Suez Canal as if its construction gave France a moral, if not a legal, claim to a sort of political supremacy over Egypt as the reward of the former Power for having opened water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Now, I should be the last to decry the magnitude of M. de Lesseps' achievement, or to dispute the benefits which it has conferred upon the world at large. All I assert is that, as a matter of fact, if there is one country on the globe that has not benefited by the Suez Canal it is Egypt. The canal owes its existence to Egyptian compulsory labour and to Egyptian involuntary contributions. The project must have collapsed for want of funds if Said Pasha had not compelled the Fellaheen to do the work of excavation without pay. The mortality and suffering amongst these poor creatures, taken away in thousands from their own homes, forced to labour—in accordance with the immemorial custom of Egypt till the introduction of English rule—under the kurbash, and treated like beasts of burden, created such a scandal that, at the instance of Lord Palmerston, the Canal Company was deprived of the right of insisting on a constant supply of unpaid labour. Thereupon the company claimed compensation for the loss accruing from their having to pay wages to their own workmen. Napoleon III., to whose arbitration the claim was submitted, decided in favour of the company, and as a result of this decision Egypt had practically to contribute a large subsidy as indemnity. Yet Egypt, up to the present, receives no share whatever in the profits of the canal. On the contrary, the canal has diverted from Egypt the trade in passengers and goods which used to pass Alexandria and Suez, to the great pecuniary advantage of its people. The fact that an Egyptian canal, passing through

Egyptian territory, constructed to a very large extent by Egyptian labour, and earning an enormous profit, should contribute nothing whatever to the Egyptian revenues is an outrage upon equity, if not upon law. Yet when the present Khedive desired to grant a concession to English capitalists, who would have agreed to construct a second canal at half the cost of the original canal, and to divide the profits equally with the Egyptian Government, Mr. Gladstone's Government, rightly or wrongly, placed a veto on the concession being granted, on the ground that the law officers of the Crown considered the granting of a second concession would be inconsistent with the spirit of the original agreement.

So much for the historic claims of France upon Egypt. Let it be understood that I have no wish to blame the French for their treatment of Egypt, or to represent that England in her dealings with Egypt has been actuated simply and solely by a disinterested desire to promote Egyptian welfare. Both countries have used Egypt as a means of advancing their own interests, whether real or imaginary. If, as I believe, our ascendency has proved far more beneficial to Egypt than that of France, this, as I hold, is due not so much to any superior disinterestedness on our part as to the plain fact that we have a much stronger interest in the well-being and prosperity of Egypt.

There can be no doubt that up to a comparatively recent period Frenchmen, as individuals, had more influence than Englishmen at the Khedivial Court. The traditions of the Mahomet Ali period had established a sort of feeling that France was the natural protector of Egypt. The young Egyptians who were sent to Europe for education, studied mainly in France, where they acquired an imperfect knowledge of the French language and a very perfect knowledge of Western, as distinguished from Oriental, dissipation. The European officials employed by the Egyptian Government were mainly of French nationality. Cairo, in the days of which I speak, was the chosen hunting ground of adventurers; and the most successful, the most popular, and the most unscrupulous of these adventurers were of French extraction, or, at any rate, claimed to be subjects of France. But when I am told of French interests in Egypt, I fail to discover them. With the exception of the Suez Canal, to which I have already alluded, every important enterprise in Egypt—the overland route, the railways, the ports, and such matters—have been carried through by English contractors. The leading business houses in Egypt—till the Greeks, here, as elsewhere in

the Levant, drove us practically out of the trade—were English firms. The shops, hotels, and cafés are in the hands of Italians or Greeks. I am not aware of a single French trader of any importance in Egypt, or of any Frenchman who ever made a fortune there by legitimate business; that is, by business which benefits the community at large, as well as the individual speculator.

I have searched in vain throughout Madame Adam's article for any proof to support her assumption that France has certain vested rights in Egypt which England in honour and duty is bound to respect. It seems to me that she has followed the old legal maxim that when your client has got no case the best plea is to abuse the attorney engaged on the other side. The greater part of her article is made up of very extravagant laudation of Mr. Gladstone, and still more extravagant vituperation of Lord Salisbury. Apparently Madame Adam is convinced that not only are the Liberals certain to return to power in the course of a few months, but that on their return they are certain to gratify the just requirements of France by not only evacuating Egypt but by taking sides with France and Russia as against the Triple Alliance. I decline to commit myself to any prophecy as to what the future may have in store for England in the event of Mr. Gladstone's regaining office. I decline still more to express any opinion as to the action of the Liberal party under Mr Gladstone's guidance. But I can assure Madame Adam that both Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party will have to look for some other justification for scuttling out of Egypt than that afforded them by her indictment against the present Government.

Considerable light is thrown upon the difficulties our statesmen, whatever party they belong to, have always experienced in dealing with France, to find that so intelligent and so friendly a critic seriously asks Englishmen to believe that Lord Salisbury is a sort of *fin de siècle* Pitt, actuated by an intense personal animosity to France, filled with a burning desire to annex Egypt, prepared for that and to stop at no act of fraud or cunning; and ready, in pursuit of his unholy greed, to sacrifice even the permanent interests of his own country. Some few years ago, M. de Lesseps visited Berlin, and was entertained at breakfast by the then Crown Prince and Princess. The conversation naturally turned on Egypt, and the guest of the day, forgetful of the nationality of his hostess, proceeded, after his wont, to explain how all the English victories in Egypt had been won by money, and how, if it had not been

for our wholesale corruption of the Egyptian patriots, our troops would have sustained signal defeat at the hands of Arabi and his followers. When M. de Lesseps was leaving, the Empress Frederick is said to have thanked him for all the information he had given them, which was especially novel and interesting to her as an Englishwoman. In much the same way it is a matter of novelty and interest to us to learn, as we do from Madame Adam, that when our Government proposed to abolish the Corvé, to reduce the burden of the Egyptian debt by conversion, to render foreign residents in Egypt liable to the same taxes as the natives, to give the police additional authority for maintaining order and decency in the public streets, to extend the jurisdiction of the International tribunals, to facilitate the punishment of crime, and to improve the sanitary conditions of Cairo and Alexandria, they were actuated simply and solely by a Machiavellian desire to injure French interests and to impair French influence. It is still more interesting to learn that all this is not matter of surmise, but of ascertained and established fact.

To such arguments as these no reply is possible. I have no doubt any reply I could make would be set down by French politicians of the Adam school as due to corrupt influences. But it is for English, not for French, readers that I am writing; and on the question of British policy in respect of Egypt I am, I may fairly say, entitled to speak with some degree of knowledge. Ever since I first began to write on this subject —now, I am sorry to say, many years ago—I have advocated the annexation of Egypt. Whether my proposal was wise or unwise is not now the question. I only refer to the part I have taken in this controversy to explain how it is that I am exceptionally well qualified to dispute the allegation that any party in England is actuated by a resolve to get possession of Egypt by fair means or by foul. I know of my own personal knowledge that there is no party—I might almost say no leading statesman—in this country in favour of the annexation of Egypt. I make this statement reluctantly, because it involves the admission that I stand almost alone in my view. But the statement, whether it tells for me, or against me, is a matter of fact. Time after time during the last ten years Egypt has been in our hands to take; time after time we have (as I hold, unwisely) declined to take it. The cause of our so declining has been, first, that the question of Egypt was not one in which the public at large took any very keen interest, and, secondly, a fear on the part of our leading statesmen, whether Liberal or Conservative, that the

annexation of Egypt might lead to foreign complications, and involve an unnecessary extension of our Imperial liabilities. For my own part I have always disputed the force of these objections. But it is rather too much, knowing what I do, to be told that the aim and object of all our Egyptian policy has been to convert Egypt into an English possession, or in other words, to do there exactly what France herself has done in Tunis.

At the same time I think Englishmen have not much right to complain if foreign critics, and especially French critics, doubt the sincerity of our professions. From the date of the first landing of our troops at Alexandria we have gone on asserting that our wish and intention were to leave the country at as early a date as possible. The assertion, I repeat, was made in perfect good faith ; but yet, as a matter of fact, we have pursued a policy calculated to defeat the very object we professed to have in view. After the overthrow of Arabi our Government was placed in a position of extreme difficulty. English public opinion would not sanction the punishment of the rebels after the fashion in which defeated insurgents are punished in Oriental countries. In the East, a ruler who has no power to punish his enemies or reward his friends has no means of ruling ; and the leniency with which Tewfik was compelled, in obedience to orders from England, to treat Arabi and his fellow conspirators dealt a death blow to his authority over his own people. After Tel el Kebir we might have quitted Egypt without loss if we had consented to give Tewfik a free hand, and allowed him to rule or misrule as he liked, provided always he made no default in the payment of the foreign debt. I am glad for the sake of England and of Egypt that we felt it inconsistent with our honour and our duty to follow the course in question ; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that by our action we forfeited the last, if not the sole, chance of putting an end to our military occupation of the country. If a European Power once begins to interfere in the internal administration of an Oriental State, intervention leads inevitably to annexation. Yet the whole gist of Lord Dufferin's famous report, on which the necessary policy of the British Government has been based, was that the Egyptian administration required transforming in accordance with Western ideas and principles, and that during the period of transformation the authority of the native Government must be upheld by the presence of British troops. How far the author of the report believed in his own conclusions I am unable to say. But this I can state, that on the strength of this report our public men,

as a body, seriously believed that after a few years' military occupation Egypt would be provided with a native army strong enough to maintain order and to repel attack, with a native Parliament, combining taxation with representation, with native legal tribunals, administering justice according to law, not to favour, and with an honest and efficient public service, composed of native officials. All that was required to fulfil this object was believed, and honestly believed, to be a few years of tutelage, during which Egypt was to be reorganised under the advice, and with the aid, of English administration. Such was the theory propounded in the Dufferin report, upon which our Government has acted. As far as immediate results are concerned, our success has been remarkable. Under our control the debt has been reduced; the revenue has been increased; the burden of taxation has been diminished; the condition of the population has been improved; the administration has been rendered efficient and independent; a system of even-handed justice has been established; an army has been formed, which is able and willing to fight; and the old evil system of backsheesh and kurbash has been for the time being consigned to oblivion. But as a means of expediting the withdrawal of our troops, the system referred to has been a signal failure. The whole machinery of Egyptian administration now depends upon the English officials who have been entrusted with the work of re-organisation, and if you remove the basis of the administration, the whole structure falls to pieces.

The plain truth is that Egypt, though more prosperous, better administered, and more civilised than she ever was before, is less able to govern herself by herself than she was before the British troops set foot in the country. We have, by the very nature of our reforms, weakened the authority of the Khedive, curtailed the power of the Pashas, and overthrown the influence of the Sheiks by whom the village communities were kept under a sort of rude control. We have done all this unintentionally; but we have done it none the less; and we find ourselves face to face with the awkward dilemma that on the one hand we are pledged to leave Egypt, and that on the other we cannot leave Egypt without undoing all the good work we have done, and without allowing the country to fall back into a condition of disorder which must inevitably necessitate prompt intervention on the part of some other European Power, and probably of France.

How we are to get out of this dilemma is too wide a question to discuss in this article. My own impression is that so long as we stand

well with Germany and her allies, we could easily obtain an European mandate asking us to remain in Egypt for the protection of international interests. With such a mandate in our possession France could not complain of our presence in Egypt as if it were a breach of international good faith; and then when our Protectorate was officially recognised France would acquiesce in it as all nations do acquiesce in accomplished facts. But however this may be, mandate or no mandate, we have got to remain in Egypt. Our military occupation has taught us that the possession of Egypt involves the command of the Suez Canal. Whether we like it or not, the Suez Canal is our highway to India, and as long as we continue to be masters of India we cannot allow the Suez Canal to pass out of the control now secured to us by the presence of our troops in Egypt.

EDWARD DICEY.

HOW INTEMPERANCE HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY COMBATED.

FOR a long period philanthropists of every school of thought, clergymen of the Church of England, priests of the Church of Rome, members of the Wesleyan body, of the Presbyterian faith, of the Society of Friends, and of every Nonconforming body, have had one object in common: they have joined in a crusade against Intemperance. Women, sometimes delicate in health, and possessed of only moderate means, moved to pity by the misery they saw and knew was produced by the passion for drink, have devoted their lives to endeavouring to reclaim the intemperate, in many instances with extraordinary success.

But still it must be recognised that this temptation of over-indulgence in strong drink is one of great danger to all classes of society in our country. In all great British cities, at this time, there are many societies banded together with the object of combating the powerful attractions of the public-houses. There are also many organisations having the same aim in view in a great number of agricultural districts. But it is impossible, for those who are acquainted with the deadly dulness that prevails in countless villages, not to feel that the temptations offered by the alehouse to the tired labourer must be almost beyond our power to realise.

Would, indeed, that every hamlet in our land possessed a public-house without the drink, open to all, with no rules or regulations! Would that a village hall, a reading-room, and a temperance society existed even in the smallest village!

It is true that even in this age of progress there are still agricultural districts where it would be desirable that night schools should be established at the same time as reading-rooms, for some of the fathers of the village have not learned to read, some of the mothers ruefully say their lads are not good at their books, and some of the middle-aged

men were put to scaring crows when little lads and have forgotten the little learning they ever had. Yet these happily are exceptional cases, and in the vast majority of instances carefully chosen books and papers will be eagerly read. Those who are not themselves, to use their expression, "good scholards," will pore over illustrated papers, and often ask where they can buy them regularly for their homes, so that their children may read them.

The halls provided need not be expensive, but they must accommodate a tolerably good audience for concerts or lectures. A raised platform is a great advantage, and a piano if possible.

The great boon a village hall is to the community must be watched to be appreciated. The concerts, lectures (these must be bright and light in character), and singing classes often pay for the cost of building in a surprisingly short time; especially if a nicely laid out tea is provided in an adjoining room, where those of the audience who desire a little refreshment before trudging home, perhaps through the keen frosty air, or through muddy lanes, can buy a hot cup of tea or coffee and some plain cake, bread and butter, or sandwiches. Many a happy married pair have formed acquaintance at these little gatherings. Chorus singing is a great delight to many young people, and I have often heard charming singing of that kind at temperance meetings. The question as to whether reading-rooms should be open on Sundays is one I would not venture to discuss. But the plan of having one open was tried by Mr. Erle, of Cuckfield, with great success. Mr. Erle admits women to his village reading-room, and this kind consideration is much appreciated.

It is a little rough on a hard-working clergyman of a country parish when, after he has been entreating a sturdy labouring man, for his own good, to avoid the alehouse, the man civilly but doggedly replies, "Well, measter, where be I to go? The missus, she don't want me of evenings when she is putting the little 'uns to bed and cleaning up for next morning." The unfortunate clergyman naturally feels, if he cannot mention some other place for his labouring friend to spend his evenings in, that he had better have been silent. Sometimes, however, in very poor places, a zealous clergyman hires a room in a cottage, and pays some respectable woman a small sum a week to keep a good fire in the evenings, to see it is tidy, and to make it a reading-room on a small scale, and this plan answers well.

There must be newspapers and a few illustrated periodicals, such as

the *Cottager and Artisan*, volumes of which only cost 1s. 6d., *Home Words*, the *British Workman*, *Hand and Heart*, to begin with, perhaps a volume of the *Quiver Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, and a few books of travel, such as Lady Brassey's *Sunbeam*. It will probably be urged that some of the first-named papers are simple. That is so, but Sir John Millais pronounced the illustrations of the *British Workman* to be most excellent, and we must remember that we are catering for hard-working people, who come in tired. The best testimony in favour of these papers is the great popularity they enjoy among working people.

Many have read lately of the efforts made by Miss Brooks to provide a villa coffee-house and library at Woodstock. For long before she was able to set the building on foot, she was in the habit of circulating books among the villagers—books of all kinds. Men would tramp long distances in all weathers on a Sunday afternoon to receive them. Miss Brooks found the Victoria Cross series, any histories of deeds of daring, travels, magazines, were most eagerly asked for. The villagers were exceptionally sober, and therefore, perhaps, the more ready to enjoy reading at home. Where it is possible to circulate books in villages doubtless that is one of the best means of combating the intense boredom which drives many to the alehouse. But pains must be taken by the person who undertakes such a good, useful, kindly work to keep it going, and to be on the watch for books suited to the people. Tales are always in demand; often the women read them aloud to their husbands. Sea tales are much in request by the men, and Ballantyne's books of adventure. Many like histories. One most important consideration is, that the books should be in good print, especially for the aged. "A good book," by which those in humble life mean a religious book, is often asked for, especially for the sick. Bishop Oxenden's works, and the Bishop of Bedford's, are much liked, while missionary tales have a powerful attraction. Lives of Nelson, Wellington, and Gordon are always in great demand. So also are the numerous books about Her Majesty the Queen and her Jubilee. The *Royal Year*, the *Queen's Resolve*, and most of all the Queen's journal, *Our Life in the Highlands*, are eagerly sought. The person who is kind enough to take a practical interest in lending books will probably, after a short time, find it difficult to meet the demand, and will have plenty to do in scanning the catalogues of the great publishing firms, like Cassells, Longmans, Ward and Lock, who provide good and very inex-

pensive books for the people. Some of the publications of the Religious Tract Society are very suitable. We must remember that it is a great matter to drive in the thin edge of the wedge. Intelligent men, whose education has, perhaps, not gone beyond the three R's, may begin, in a humble reading-room, like that I describe, by studying simple papers, and may probably, step by step, acquire a taste for a higher class of reading, or may develop a love of natural history, or for some particular branch of study that may be invaluable. In any case, the minds of the readers will be supplied with ideas that will brighten the round of village life, and give glimpses of this beautiful, wonderful world, and, we may hope, point to that more beautiful world beyond, where honest toil will meet its reward.

Much will be accomplished if temperance societies can be formed in villages.

Pains should be taken to make it clearly understood that the word temperance does not imply total abstinence. The Church of England Temperance Society works on a double basis. One section is intended for those who do not feel called on to become total abstainers, and the other section is for those who feel a desire to take the pledge of total renunciation of all alcoholic liquors. It cannot be too widely known that equal honour is given in the Church of England Temperance Society to members of both sections. Leaflet No. 10, published at the Church of England Temperance Society's depôt, 10, Bridge-street, Westminster, is particularly useful, and possibly, after reading it, many people would see their way to signing declaration A, which is to the effect "That we must be temperate ourselves, and try to make others so." If this leaflet were circulated in a district, very likely some persons might wish to form a branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. Leaflet No. 30 contains full directions how to set about this work, and the manual published at the same place is very useful.

I think if there are any who doubt the necessity for combined effort against intemperance, a study of the police reports in any newspaper for a week would show them what is one of the chief causes of crime and misery in cities and in country places. Encouragement to do our best to cope with this cause of death, disease, sin, and sorrow, may be found in the annual reports of the society. To members of the Church of England the blessing of working, as it were, under the guidance of the Church is great. A passage from a letter

of Canon Ellison, the founder of the Church of England Temperance Society, defines its aim so clearly that it is quoted here. "The society has gone forth, not a section or part of the Church of England, much less a sect within it, but the recognised organ of the Church, for this special conflict with the evil one, with the imprimatur upon it of the authorities of the Church, its Convocations, its Archbishops and Bishops, wherever the national sin has struck its roots, there to follow and confront it with the whole strength of the national Church. Following the lines of the parochial system, it finds the poor bond-slave of intemperance first in the parish, and then in his home, carrying to him the blessed offer of deliverance from his sin through the power of the Saviour Whose very mission it was to seek and save those which were lost.

"If unsuccessful there, it follows him to the police-court, or from that to the prison gates. When the industrial life of the nation has overflowed the parochial limits and clustered into larger communities, each with special dangers and temptations, and so with special requirements of its own, the society has adapted itself to the circumstances of each, organising its several departments of army work, of agricultural, of railway, of merchant seamen. And, not the least, when the womanhood of England has developed within itself the new and terrible problem of female intemperance, it has, by its Women's Union, addressed itself to the solution of that problem, calling out the energies and active efforts of women throughout the country." Canon Ellison, in a passage which I will reluctantly refrain from quoting at length, explains that the society continues to give abstinence the prominent place it did during the first ten years of its existence, as an expedient for the present distress, as the first necessary step in the upward course of the fallen, and as a pathway of safety for the tempted and the young; but he dwells on the importance of Christian liberty, and desires that each should decide the question for himself.

The National Temperance League is another mighty agent for good. Perhaps in strict accuracy it should be called the National Total Abstinence League, for its principles are those of entire abstinence from alcohol, except when it is ordered by medical authorities.

This league was practically founded by the son of a hand-loom cloth weaver, Joseph Livesey. He was born in 1794, near Preston, and was brought up by a grandfather, having lost his parents. Like many a man who has risen in life, he picked up some education at a dame's school, but was early obliged, in consequence of the poverty of the family, to

work a hand-loom in a cellar, where two other hand-looms were being worked. At this employment he continued for more than seven years, but it is thought the damp affected his health, and ere the close of his long life he had five attacks of rheumatic fever.

Yet, in the notes he left of his career, he writes:—"I never regretted that poverty was my early lot, and that I was left to make my own way in the world. It was here I learnt to feel for the poor, to acquire the first lessons of humanity, and to cultivate my own energies as the best means (in my case the only means) of self-advancement." He procured a few books—the Bible, which he must have studied deeply, and some useful works—and by "placing the book on the breast beam of the loom with a cord slipped on to keep the leaves from rising, he contrived to work and read at the same time."

And the work he executed under these circumstances was good. He continued to labour steadily, and as years went on he felt a longing to do something for those around him, and became a Sunday-school teacher and later a preacher. He married when about twenty-one, having been left thirty pounds, and, as his biographer records, the young man and the good, industrious girl settled down to work—he at his loom, she at her wheel. He prospered, and he undertook various plans for the benefit of others. At Preston he opened a room for a general reading-room. A newspaper in those days cost sevenpence. He charged three shillings and threepence a quarter admission, and after a time he opened six others in different parts of the town. In January, 1832, he felt that for himself as well as for others it would be well to form a temperance society, which was to pledge the members to abstinence from spirits and moderation in malt liquors. This did not answer, and on August 23rd, 1832, Joseph Livesay asked his friend John King to sign a pledge of total abstinence. They were joined by others, known now as the seven men of Preston, to whom the total abstinence movement, which has been a source of blessing to many thousands in this country, is due. The word teetotal was coined by a man named Dicky Turner, who was very zealous and emphatic at all times in speech. He was endeavouring to find an expression to convey how much more beneficial he considered total abstinence would be than merely moderate drinking, and wishing to use a stronger word than total, without a moment's pause he said teetotal. The word caught the popular fancy, and has been used ever since. Vast numbers are now enrolled in the National Temperance League, and it has branches in the army. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge

permitted the committee to establish temperance canteens at Cannock Chase and Dartmoor during the autumn manœuvres in 1873.

Miss Robinson was entrusted with the work of carrying out the arrangements, and the account she wrote of her first attempts on the bleak moors, often in pouring rain, is very interesting. The experiment succeeded so well that the kind Duke of Cambridge, always anxious to promote the soldier's welfare, promised that similar arrangements should be made for regiments at future manœuvres. Miss Robinson's marvellous work among soldiers ought to be related in detail, but it would need many pages to give a true picture of its great extent and wonderful usefulness. As an instance of what vast results spring from small efforts it may be mentioned that, at the request of General Sir Hope Grant, the league opened a temperance canteen at Aldershot, during the autumn manœuvres of 1874, and that these experiments, to quote the report of the league, "prepared the way for the improved accommodation in regard to recreation and refreshment rooms, soldiers' institutes, &c., which are now a conspicuous feature in almost every large garrison in the kingdom." The work has gone on, and prospered. Another lady, Miss Daniel, established many institutes, which do great good. And it is most gratifying to think that the League has workers under the burning sun of India, where total abstinence is of the greatest importance to health.

The league's work among sailors is most important on her Majesty's ships, in the training service, and at foreign ports, where again a lady, Miss Agnes Weston, has accomplished extraordinary results on sea and land. It was indeed a blessed inspiration that prompted her to send monthly letters to every ship in the service. Miss Weston's books carry words of encouragement and comfort to thousands of our sailors, and her efforts to provide them with comfortable homes ashore have been very successful.

It is pleasant to think there is an officers' branch, and that at distant foreign ports the bluejacket finds Temperance friends and often Sailors' Rests, while on our own shores many coastguardsmen have started Bands of Hope and Temperance meetings.

How little could the young weaver, Joseph Livesay, toiling at his hand-loom for seven long years, in the damp cellar, have foreseen that the movement he started would prove such a blessing. He devoted his energies to promoting the welfare and happiness of his fellow-creatures in all ways. He encountered difficulties and opposition, but they did not discourage him. From the time he became convinced that total

abstinence was the most certain remedy for the terrible misery he saw produced by drunkenness, he strove incessantly to induce the victims of alcohol to take the pledge. One of his lectures, that on "Malt Liquor," was especially useful. He originated and carried out the plan of giving the poorest people in Preston trips to the seaside annually, did much to secure two parks for Preston, and helped to establish weekday and Sunday-schools, besides, as was mentioned before, promoting Mechanics' Institutes and reading-rooms. At the age of eighty-five he was still working.

For many years he made it a rule to visit the poor, and especially those who were known to have yielded to the temptations of drink. In this way he learnt to understand the poor.

He died, full of years, in 1884, and ten thousand people assembled to pay respect to his memory when he was carried to the grave.

It seems to be proved that in cases of inveterate drunkenness the only remedy is total abstinence. I do not know if the cause of dipsomania has been ascertained, but it has been ascertained that in many instances a very little alcohol, if taken by a person suffering from the drink craving, will revive the passion, and terrible drinking bouts will follow. Cases are, alas! too frequent of persons abstaining for long periods, sometimes for years, even seven years or longer. At last they have yielded to the cruelly kind entreaties of companions and have taken just a little drop, and have then relapsed into abject misery. I knew one such case where the man relapsed several times after abstaining for years together; at length he died, of course in the greatest wretchedness. There are parts of the country where the craving for drink in certain families seems irresistible, yet even in these sad instances it is known that people have been reclaimed. It is, however, rarer to hear of women who have once become confirmed drunkards being reformed than of men.

The Blue Ribbon Army has also done great good. It needs some courage, especially in those belonging to the poorer classes, to resist hospitality when offered in the shape of a friendly glass. The temptations that beset young men to drink are very great. Take, for example, the case of a youth carefully brought up in a quiet home in a country village. On going into the world to earn his livelihood he is certain to be tempted to spend his earnings in drink; but if he has been forewarned and forearmed, and can point to the blue ribbon as a sign that he has taken the pledge, he has a safeguard. Many clergymen feel

this very strongly, and use every effort to prepare the young men and young women in their parishes for the struggle against this particular form of temptation. In some agricultural places boys have been almost forced to drink by older men when engaged in field or harvest work, and it is sad to think that some yield to the influence of bad example and break the pledge. Still, even if this should happen, one may hope that the teaching of early years will not be thrown away, and that a kind Providence may rescue these much tempted ones. In a booklet called *Look out for the Safest Path*, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Permanent Secretary of the General Post Office, points out the good that can be done by example. He mentions that in her Majesty's Post Office, of which as he says he is a managing partner, and which at the time he wrote employed forty-five thousand men (this number is now doubtless far larger), there is hardly a day in the year when the bread-winner of some family has not to incur punishment, either suspension, degradation, or dismissal, and all through the accursed drink. He throws all his influence into the scale of total abstinence, and a host of men and women, animated by the hope of influencing others, have joyfully taken the pledge in order to help them.

The Blue Ribbon Army was started in America in 1870, by Mr. Francis Murphy, who had formerly kept a drinking saloon. A temperance worker, Mr. Noble, who visited New York, was struck with the usefulness of the plan, and started a mission conducted on the same principles in Shoreditch. Mr. William Palmer, of Reading, afterwards established a Permanent Mission Hall, which is the headquarters of the Blue Ribbon Army Gospel Temperance movement. This movement has extended far and wide, in many of the great cities and towns of our country. It promotes working men's clubs, Saturday night entertainments, invaluable as counter-attractions to public-houses and gin palaces, and has done much to assist the establishment of coffee taverns. In Scotland and Ireland the Blue Ribbon Army has many thousands of adherents, and the movement has extended to South Africa, to the Cape Coast, the Cape of Good Hope, to all parts of Australia and New Zealand, Tasmania, the Sandwich Islands, and Canada. These particulars are taken from a paper prepared for the International Temperance Convention at Melbourne, 1888. When I was at Aix-les-Bains in 1889, Mr. Gaudin, who takes much interest in the temperance movement in Switzerland, showed me the publications of La Croix Bleue; and in some parts of the Continent the principles inculcated by

the Blue Ribbon Army are making great progress. I was, however, surprised to hear, I think on good authority, when in Brussels last year, that there was no temperance society in that city. Spirit drinking is very prevalent there, and several respectable inhabitants expressed great interest when I tried to explain to them particulars of our temperance societies, and they expressed hopes that something of the kind might be established in their bright and beautiful city.

The Band of Hope Union, formed to enrol children among the ranks of total abstainers, has been of great use; two million children are already enrolled. The meetings held by this Union not only bring brightness and joy into the lives of the children in villages, as well as in towns, but are often attended by the parents, who, in many instances, have been led, by what they learn at such gatherings, to join temperance or total abstinence societies. The *Band of Hope Review* is largely read. It was edited by the late Mr. Smithies, who also edited the *British Workman;* and large sums were spent by Mr. Smithies in making this paper really attractive and useful for the working classes.

There is now a young abstainers' union for children of the upper classes, which is doing much good.

While the temperance cause is progressing, daily winning back to habits of self-control those who have fallen, and giving a helping hand to those who strive to regain respectable positions, there is one sad and surprising fact. It is asserted that intemperance is decidedly on the increase among women of all ages and all classes. Whether this may be attributed to the increased strain on the powers of body and mind produced by the struggle for existence among the poorer classes, and by the unrest consequent on the "rush" for amusement and ever varying forms of excitement among the rich, or from the increased facility afforded to women for procuring alcoholic liquors, has not been ascertained.

But women are taking active part in combating the evil. The British Women's Temperance Association, which numbers thirty thousand members, president, Lady Henry Somerset; the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society, and a host of other associations of women are working among young and old, in town and country, in isolated cottages, and in crowded slums, to warn, to rescue, and to encourage. Surely all will agree that work like this is most appropriate to women, there are so many ways in which kind, sensible women can help in work of this particular class.

The poor can be visited, letters can be written, books or papers distributed. Women who possess musical gifts can be of great use in entertainments, and, above all, influence may be exercised in the family and in the household. Ill-health need not be an obstacle to usefulness in this great work, for an invalid might be of the greatest service in reading and sifting temperance literature. Miss Robinson, who has accomplished such wonders, has long suffered from an affection of the spine. This affection, however, did not daunt her brave spirit, and she travels from place to place in a specially-constructed carriage to advance the cause of temperance, to which her life has been devoted.

Railway temperance work, all must feel, is most important to the welfare of the whole community. The Midland Railway men at St. Pancras made the first attempt to start a movement. The Great Northern Railway Company, with wise liberality, were the first to build a room for temperance meetings, and afterwards they built a hall at King's Cross, which is used still. The Hon. Reginald Capel, one of the directors of the company, gives much time and attention to advancing the cause. The Metropolitan Railway Company in 1879 decided to extend the organisation among those they employed on the line, and, after several efforts had been made, the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union was inaugurated at Exeter Hall in 1882. In a report of the National League, which, as has already been mentioned, is a total abstinence society, it is stated that the membership consists of two "sections"—abstainers and non-abstainers, the double basis of the Church of England Temperance Society having been adopted by the Union.

It is a proof of the large-mindedness of the compilers of the report that they say, "the double basis has facilitated the progress of the movement by enabling the Union to gain in many cases not only the sanction and countenance, but also the sympathy and active co-operation, of the highest officials, without which the formation of branches and carrying on of the work would hardly be possible." Some of the higher officials, having been admitted as non-abstainers, became total abstainers.

Several other independent railway temperance societies have prospered. It is always difficult to ascertain the numbers forming part of these associations, but in 1885 it was estimated that among those employed on railways in the United Kingdom, forty thousand were total abstainers. When we consider the strain on the bodies and minds of

those employed on railways, the exposure to all weathers they must undergo, we must admire the self-denial exercised by them. And we ought to do all in our power to support their efforts.

A great work for temperance is being carried on among the fifteen thousand London cabmen by the Church of England Temperance Society, in connection with the London Police-court Mission, which employs thirteen agents. The cab ranks and shelters are regularly visited. Clubs to buy rugs and capes have been established. Books are often sent to the shelters, and three hundred cabmen were supplied with mittens and comforters in one severe winter. Even children might help in providing these. Perhaps we hardly realise what hard lives the poor cabmen lead and how strong the temptation must be to take something that will give even a passing sensation of warmth in bitter weather, or when the rain pelts all day, soaking the cabman's clothes, often very insufficient.

All will probably agree that one class is particularly exposed to temptation to exceed in taking alcohol. I mean the very large class of servants, in the houses of the rich, whose duty it is to deal with spirits, wine, and beer. The London men engaged in domestic service, as a rule, get insufficient air and exercise. In houses where there is much entertaining, those who wait have to dispense wine and spirits with freedom; they often are kept up very late, and rise very early, and become tired and jaded.

It is rare in certain circles to have any allusion made to temperance. In the luncheon-room, the dining-room, the smoking-room, alcohol is always present, and this, of course, is the case in country houses. Can it be wondered at that those who live, as it may be said in an atmosphere impregnated with alcohol, in many instances, yield to the temptation to drink too much? We must remember that a man in domestic service who gives way to drink is practically ruined. Even if employers bear with one who has yielded, for a time, it is to be feared that the man who is constantly employed with alcoholic drinks has not strength of will to resist long. Dismissal follows, the employer cannot give a good character, then begins the long, almost hopeless, struggle for work. Perhaps the late employer gives an occasional sovereign, but the relief is only temporary. Often the sad end is the workhouse, or suicide. The Church of England Temperance Society offers occupation to men who have fallen in various ways. And many and many a rescued man blesses the hand stretched forth in his

hour of need to save him from the power of the drink and to give him a chance.

The advice given in a booklet by Symes Thompson, published by the Church of England Temperance Society, to those who intend to become total abstainers is very important. He points out that some nourishment is required as a substitute for alcoholic stimulant—Liebig's beef-tea, which is easily obtained and prepared, a cup of milk, or hot coffee or tea. He mentions other forms of nourishment, but strongly urges that some sustenance should be taken. This may seem a trivial matter of detail but, as Lord Beaconsfield often said, the success of the most important undertakings often hangs on close attention to detail. The health of a working man is his capital, and money spent in wholesome food is well invested. That the working classes are glad to frequent coffee-houses, when managed on business principles, is proved by the enormous success of the houses established by the Coffee House Company in Leicester; a success which there is reason to believe astonished the benevolent far-seeing gentlemen who originally conceived and carried out the plan, and which pleasantly astonishes the shareholders yearly.

A distinctive feature in several of these houses is that provision is made for the working classes, and for the middle and upper classes. They are conducted on strictly business principles, and the working men feel they are quite at home in them.

Would that similar houses could be established in every town and village where, as in every place on the Continent, working men and women, youths, girls, and children could enjoy non-alcoholic refreshment, warmth, a look at the paper, and find a cheerful welcome!

JANETTA RUTLAND.

(To be concluded.)

THE LITERARY DRAMA: A REPLY.

UNDER the above heading in the December number of this REVIEW Mr. H. D. Traill took thirteen pages to prove that no such chimera has ever existed. The Greek drama was not drama in our sense of the word, while in all other dramatic schools, from Shakespeare and the Elizabethans to Dumas and Pailleron, the literary and dramatic elements in a play have never been fused; they have only been superposed. "He who says 'literary drama' says 'picture-statue,' says 'flat-relief,' says 'miniature-fresco,' or connects in a kind of centaurine union any other two mutually exclusive forms of art."

Finally, in a parable, we poor modern dressers and jerkers of the puppets that fret their little hour upon the English stage of to-day are bidden to be satisfied with our mechanical skill in constructing and exhibiting our marionettes and not to try and shove in amongst our betters, the poets and essayists. In the earlier part of his essay Mr. Traill seems disposed to allow to playwriting the dignity of an art, but having triumphantly slaughtered the pretensions of Shakespeare, Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Hugo, Augier, and Dumas, and finding himself confronted with nothing but the wretched corps of living English playwrights to do execution upon, he becomes possessed with a benevolent contempt corresponding to the abject appearance of his adversaries, and, dismissing them with a lofty wave of his hand, tells them to rest in their "mechanical skill and the contemplation of their money-takings."

If Mr. Traill had confined his criticism to those modern English plays that have recently appeared in print, he might possibly have made out a good case against the aspirations of the modern English drama to call itself "literary." Though, indeed, the play that provoked his article, *The Times*, gave me a very keen delight in witnessing it, and I read it afterwards with far more pleasure than I have read some of the

Elizabethan and Restoration plays which are yet accounted good literature.

But Mr. Traill will have it not merely that the modern English drama is not "literary" at present, but that it never has been, and never can be. I propose first to examine the arguments whereby he seems to convince himself that we have never had a literary drama. The two most obvious English pretenders to be literary dramatists are Shakespeare and Sheridan. Their claims examined and dismissed, the rest of the fry are easily disposed of.

Mr. Traill makes the astonishing statement that of Shakespeare's plays only eight will draw money audiences, viz., *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Phelps actually put on thirty-four of the thirty-seven reputed Shakespearean plays, and retired honourably, if not with a fortune, at least with greater financial credit than attends the close of more than half of modern managerial careers. A very large fortune has recently been made by *The Winter's Tale*, while *The Taming of the Shrew* has also drawn large money audiences. On the whole, one would be well within the mark in saying that fully one-half of Shakespeare's plays are actable to-day, and under favourable circumstances will actually make money for the manager. Of what modern playwright's revivals can so much be affirmed? Mr. Traill says, "It must surely be a little disconcerting to the believers in the literary drama to reflect that the most 'literary' of all dramatists is far from being the most successful." On the contrary, I can say that Shakespeare still draws more money than any living playwright, and is more frequently played than any of them. "Compare," says Mr. Traill, "Shakespeare's record with the record of the late Mr. Dion Boucicault." Very well, let us compare it. They were both successful authors in their day; both wrote for their own immediate public, and both were well rewarded for it. And when Mr. Traill reminds successful modern playwrights of Milton's five pounds for *Paradise Lost*, it is surely a just retort to remind Mr. Traill of Shakespeare's comfortable fortune made out of popular playwriting.

In October, 1889, Mr. Dion Boucicault's plays were sold by auction. The whole of the rights of fifteen plays realised £586 5s. 6d., an average of £39 1s. 10d. each play, the highest play being sold for £152. Probably the average length of copyright in the plays would be about twenty years. The copyright of *Hamlet* alone for twenty

years would be worth several thousands of pounds. If a new tragedy of Shakespeare's, worthy of being placed alongside the great four, were to be discovered, it would be worth a fabulous amount in acting rights. A posthumous play of Boucicault's would scarcely find a purchaser. And Shakespeare has been dead nearly three hundred years. What will Boucicault's plays be worth in three hundred years? Or, for the matter of that, the plays of any of us? Across what tenantless and silent Sahara will our dust be blown, or in what iron hills of oblivion will our bones lie sealed, when the buds grow red and "mild winds shake the elder brake" in the April of 2200, *Romeo and Juliet's* six hundredth springtime? I assure Mr. Traill that the acting rights of Shakespeare's plays, if they could be secured, would be valuable to-day out of all comparison with Dion Boucicault's. So much for the money test. I dealt with it first because I longed in passing to salute the holy, comforting, *bourgeois* doctrine that the universe must be eternally right if our own shop is prosperous.

To come to the literary test.. Mr. Traill quotes certain speeches, such as the Queen Mab speech, the Seven Ages speech, the Sleep speech from *Macbeth*, and he says, "These are not dramatic; these are not the characters speaking; it is Shakespeare himself speaking, with a disregard of dramatic propriety as sublime as the poetry he pours forth."

Yet in representations of the plays these speeches are invariably listened to with the deepest attention, and generally secure the warmest applause of the evening. Whether or not they are dramatic, at least they have the sovereign theatrical merit of not boring the audience. Of course they are not realistic. They are not exactly what would have been spoken on the occasions. All through his article Mr. Traill insists on the necessity for absolute realism in stage work. He even rates Shakespeare for not being a modern realist. Pressed home Mr. Traill's argument is, "You must be absolutely realistic; nobody in real life ever did talk literature; therefore you can never be literary." Now, if one comes to absolute realism, it does not exist on the stage or in any other art. If Mr. Traill could read Dion Boucicault's plays he would find that their serious passages are in *fact* as little like what would really be spoken as Shakespeare's, while in *truth* and *suggestion* and *power* there is of course no comparison. Comedy scenes both in Shakespeare and Boucicault are frequently an almost exact reproduction of real life. Anyone who practises writing for the stage very soon becomes aware that in writing comedy, which busies itself with the infi-

nite littlenesses of human life, quite different methods and conventions have to be observed from those observed in writing tragedy, which employs itself with the immense importance and meaning of human life. There is a wonderful instance of the juxtaposition of these two methods, or perhaps they are rather moods than methods, in the closing scene of the second act and the opening scene of the third act of the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*; but any reader of Shakespeare will recall a hundred examples.

To return to Mr. Traill's instances. Are the Queen Mab speech and the Seven Ages speech essentially undramatic? The gay rhetoric and banter of the Queen Mab speech are surely not alien to Mercutio's temperament, and the middle-aged philosophy of the Seven Ages is surely most suitable to Jaques and the place and the occasion. While the splendid Sleep speech in *Macbeth* is one of those things that make it a great tragedy, and not a vulgar facsimile of a murder on the artistic level of the exhibitions in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

"But it is not dramatic," says Mr. Traill. Then nothing can be dramatic that is not realistic. But is this so? Do not these speeches lift great actors to great heights of passion which could never be scaled by realistic language? Could any exact reproduction of the actual words likely to be used on such occasions image forth the volcanoes and whirlwinds and maelstroms of Lear and Othello? To take the first instance that occurs:

> Had he a thousand lives, my great revenge
> Had stomach for them all.

Would it be more dramatic to say, "If I catch the blackguard I'm damned if I don't kill him," which is something like what would actually be said on such an occasion? Are the love scenes of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson and the late Mr. H. J. Byron more "dramatic" than the love scenes from *As You Like It* and *Romeo and Juliet*?

To sum up upon all that portion of Mr. Traill's article which deals with the literary drama of the past: I think if he will carefully examine the matter he will come to the conclusion that he has tumbled into the "realistic" fallacy. And the "realistic" fallacy pushed to its logical conclusion denies the necessity of any art at all. Its championship is what we expect from the average modern young man, but not from an Oxford scholar.

I come to that part of Mr. Traill's article which denies to poor living

playwrights any pretensions to be artists at all, and places their vocation on a level with the Punch and Judy man in the street. The attitude of literature towards the modern drama is very amusing. Nearly every eminent man of letters in England has written, or is writing, plays, and not one has succeeded. And thereupon literature belabours the modern stage, and pours contempt upon it, and upon those who are practising upon it. What if the modern stage retorted upon modern men of letters with the following simple equation?

The intellectual force which Mr. Eminent Man of Letters puts into his play = The intellectual force which the same Mr. Eminent Man of Letters puts into his poetry and essays.

But

with this amount of intellectual force Mr. Eminent Man of Letters produces a play which both as literature and stagework is immeasurably inferior to the average work produced by current playwrights.

Therefore

writing a play is intellectually more arduous than writing poems and essays upon which a goodly literary reputation is built.

If it is said that my second proposition cannot be sustained, I can refer objectors to the managers of London theatres. It is common to hear London managers speak of the quite childish plays sent in by men bearing names of high repute in literature.

Doubtless their failure is to some extent due to a want of knowledge of stage-technique. But I am convinced it is far more largely due to a lack of that vivid and intense power of imagining, realising, and condensing which is necessary to success in drama. And I claim that this power or faculty is an intellectual one, and, if Mr. Trailll will allow me to say so, that it is not quite of the same order as the power and faculty required for the successful exhibition of marionettes. It will be noted that I have not claimed that it is a "literary" gift or power. To thoroughly inquire into the literary possibilities of the modern drama would require far more space and time than I have at my disposal. Of course it all depends on the exact definition and limitations of the term "literary." In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* the rawest and rankest slang of the day is freely used. Yet I suppose the play, and many of the Elizabethan dramas where the same thing occurs, would not be denied a place in English literature. It is sufficient for my present purpose if it is

conceded that the art of writing modern English drama is, or should be an intellectual art. For if it is intellectual it can scarcely be utterly devoid of literary form. It is impossible to imagine a drama of high intellectual excellence that shall not be to some extent "literary," as it is impossible to imagine a drama of high "literary" excellence that shall not be a work of intellect. I am not juggling with words. My only desire is to obtain some recognition and definite status for the art of playwriting. The *Times* gives three columns and a half to eulogy by a French statesman of a recently deceased French dramatist. How strangely different is the status of the playwright in England! Any effort to claim an intellectual standing for the art that represents, or should represent, the whole of our national life, is met on this side of the Channel not only with the jeers and hootings of the uncultivated, but is also derided and frowned upon by men of culture like Mr. Traill. Surely the best, perhaps the only, safeguard against the success of all kinds of bunkum and claptrap on the English stage is the custom of publishing our plays. We may not as yet have written plays with a distinct literary "note," but the knowledge that we shall be "read" as well as "seen" must tend towards the cultivation of a literary form. Yet the recent publication of certain plays has met with curious antagonism from the most unexpected quarters. Mr. Comyns Carr in a letter to the *Speaker* has ridiculed and belittled the practice. Says Mr. Comyns Carr: "There is something almost 'suburban' in this feverish desire of our playwrights to be literary." I was at first unable to understand Mr. Carr's use of the word "suburban" in this connection. It seemed to me a strangely infelicitous term to apply to an attempt to bring some kind of style and form into the art of playwriting. "Suburban," when it is not used in its strictly derivative sense, means "raw, formless, straggling, unfinished." And I was much puzzled by Mr. Comyns Carr's choice of the word till a certain minor philosopher assured me that "suburban," in the sense wherein Mr. Carr employs it, has no relation whatever to the thing described, but is indicative of a condition of very great mental and artistic superiority in the person who uses it. The mere mention of the word "suburban" in this sense at once does away with the necessity for argument.

It is only in the drama that one is counselled to go down to the crowd and cram them with any rubbish that they clamour for. It is not so in music, or in painting, or in any of the other arts. We should think it strange if, because of the success of some music-hall song, it was

denied that there was such a thing as the art of music, and musicians were advertised that the conditions of musical composition were such that they had better resign all ambition and drench the mob with street melodies. We should think it strange if, on account of some gaudy chromo-lithograph, painters were advised that their art was a wretched thing, not worthy of an instant's thought beyond the money that could be made out of it. No, it is only the playwright who meets with such eccentricities of criticism and advice. And the mischief of it is that there is just sufficient truth in such criticism to give it currency. English playwriting *has* largely been an affair of mob-verdicts, of picture-posters, of big capital letters in advertisements, of sitting on bandboxes, of sensation and trickery of all kinds. But if it is still difficult to draw the line between dramatic art and popular amusement, yet that line is growing more and more definite. A large section of the public is palpably dissatisfied with the old theatrical tricks, the childish unrealities, the feeble prettiness that amused the last generation, and is demanding from its playwrights that the English drama shall be a faithful picture of the realities of life and shall traffic in a large way with the large issues that are shaking mankind. There are, of course, immense forces ranged in favour of theatricality and convention. The strange thing is that an English playwright should be called upon to combat these forces, inch by inch, for dear life: that instead of being allowed to pursue his calling with a sure feeling that his work will speak for itself, he should be obliged to take up arms perpetually for the mere right to shape his work as he pleases and to have control of that for which he is compelled to accept the responsibility.

It will be noticed that I have not contended in this latter portion of my article that our modern English drama is "literary" in the sense in which the Elizabethan drama is literary. How far it can be a literary product is a matter for future discussion. But that it has literary possibilities quite equal to the modern French drama cannot be denied. And if we can engage the best intellects of the day to take a delight in the drama as an art instead of a mere pastime there is no limit to its influence and scope. Fortunately, a wider sphere seems to be opening for the modern drama. The very gallery boy is beginning to perceive that all this trumpery clockwork of mechanical situation and theatrical device is utterly lifeless and barren, and has no more to do with the real life of to-day than the toy men in a child's Noah's ark.

The real question at issue is between the theatre and the drama.

Shall the theatre bend the drama to its service and force it to remain servile, inoperative, childish, formal, conventional, the after-dinner bauble of the upper classes, the silly police-romance of the pit and gallery? Or will the drama be able to say to the theatre: "No, human life is a larger thing than the theatre, and the theatre can only be powerful in so far as it recognises this, and allows the chief things in a play to be not the cheap mechanical tricks of the playwright, the effective curtains, the machinery of cleverly devised situations, but the study of life and character, the portraiture of the infinitely subtle workings of the human heart."

Our best hope is that a larger and larger section of the public is beginning to find out this truth. And perhaps by-and-bye we may be able to convince even the gentlemen in the gallery.

Briefly, the modern English drama needs to be established on a sound intellectual basis first, and then we may begin to ask ourselves what literary adornment may be employed upon it. But in the meantime eminent literary gentlemen must not be contemptuous of those who are fighting a tough fight with all the giant forces of theatricality, conventionality, indifference, jealousy, folly, and ignorance, that they may gain a little secure foothold where the art of portraying our national English life can be practised without the terrible necessity of immediately pleasing the crowd. We may not succeed. The English theatre may drop back into imbecility, impotence, disrepute, and paralysis. But if it has any future as an art, if it ever becomes operative in the life of the nation, it must come the way I have indicated. It cannot *grow* towards conventionality, towards tricks, towards violent and outrageous situations, towards stage-device and illusion. There's nothing but death before it that way. If it lives and flourishes, if it *grows* as an art, it must draw its nourishment from the spiritual and intellectual forces of the nation, not from the stale air of the footlights. And the English drama is beginning to tap these great reservoirs and to find nourishment there. And its enemies and false friends rage. But it holds its way.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

AUTHORS AND CRITICS.

AT this gracious season of the year we are reminded by nearly every post of our duty towards our neighbours, meaning thereby not merely those who live within what Wordsworth, with greater familiarity than precision, has defined as "an easy walk," but, with few exceptions, mainly of a party character, all mankind. The once wide boundaries of an Englishman's sphere of hatred are sorely circumscribed. We are now expected not only to love all peoples, which in theory is easy enough, particularly if we are no great travellers, but to read their publications in translations unverified by affidavit, which in practice is very hard. Yet if we do not do it, we are Chauvinists, which has a horrid sound.

Much is now expected of a man. Even in his leisure hours, when his feet are on the hob, he must be zealous in some cause, say Realism; serious, as he reflects upon the interests of literature and the position of authors; and, above all and hardest of all, he must be sympathetic. Irony he should eschew, and levity, but disquisitions on duty are never out of place.

This disposition of mind, however praiseworthy, makes the aspect of things heavy, and yet this is the very moment selected by certain novelists, playwrights, and irresponsible persons of that kind, to whom we have been long accustomed to look for relaxation, to begin prating, not of their duty to please us, but of our duty to appreciate them. It appears that we owe a duty to our contemporaries who write, which is not merely passive, that is, to abstain from slandering them, but active, namely, to read and admire them.

The authors who grumble and explain the merits of their own things are not the denizens of Grub Street, or those poor neglected souls to one of whom Mr. Alfred Austin lately addressed these consolatory words:—

"Friend, be not fretful if the voice of fame,
Along the narrow way of hurrying men,
Where unto echo echo shouts again,
Be all day long not noisy with your name."

No; it is the shouted authors who are most discontented; the men who have best availed themselves of all the resources of civilisation, who belong to syndicates, employ agents, have a price-current, and know what it is to be paid half-a-dozen times over for the same thing. Even the prospect of American copyright and taxing all the intelligence of a reading Republic—even this does not satisfy them. They want to be classics in their own lifetime, and to be spoken and written of as if they were already embalmed in the memory of a grateful nation. To speak or write lightly of the genius of Oliver Goldsmith is to proclaim yourself an ass, but people who have the luck to be alive must not expect to be taken quite so seriously. But they do. Everything is taken seriously in these grim days, even short stories. There is said to be a demand for short stories, begotten, amongst many other things, by that reckless parent, the Spirit of the Age. There is no such demand. The one and only demand poor wearied humanity has ever made, or will ever make, of the story-teller, be he as long-winded as Richardson or as breathless as Kipling, is to be made self-forgetful for a season. Interest me somehow, anyhow; make me mindless of the room I am sitting in, of the people about me; soothe me, excite me, tickle me, make me better, make me worse; do what you like with me, only make it possible for me to keep reading on, and a joy to do so. This is our demand. There is nothing unreasonable in it. It is matter of experience. Authors have done all this for us and are doing it to-day. It is their trade, and a glorious one.

But the only thing that concerns the reader is the book he holds in his hand. He cannot derive inspiration from any other quarter. To the author the characters may be living, he may have lived amongst them for months; they may be inexpressibly dear to him, and his fine eyes may fill with tears as he thinks of Jane or Sarah, but this avails naught to the reader. Mr. Hall Caine writes a novel and tells his readers in the preface that the book is more of a romance than a novel, more of a poem than a romance, and that he has been very happy with the beautiful characters depicted in it. No man has a right to talk in this way about anything he has done. Mr. Robert Buchanan writes a skittish poem and tells us in an epilogue that it, his poem, is a

live thing, part of the very seed of his living soul. Glover doubtless could have said the same thing, in equal good faith and bad taste, of his *Leonidas*, or Tupper of his *Proverbial Philosophy*. What is the good of it? If Mr. Buchanan's *Outcast* is a live thing, it will not die; if it was born dead, it is not a live thing. Mr. Jones also, in a lengthened preface to his *Saints and Sinners*, takes occasion to tell us a great many things about his dramas which it is impossible to read into those performances, which as literary productions must stand or fall by the same rules as apply to the works of Shakespeare and Sheridan. What Mr. Jones has written, he has written, and there is an end of it. The imitation of Carlyle cannot be generally recommended, but in one respect, at all events, his example should be followed. Though he made fuss enough whilst he was writing a book, as soon as he had done with it he never mentioned it again.

This sudden display of nervousness on the part of authors is perhaps partly due to their unreasonable confusion of the Reviewers with the Readers. The great mass of criticism is delivered *vivâ voce* and never appears in print at all. This spoken criticism is of far greater importance than printed criticism. It is repeated again and again, in all sorts of places, on hundreds of occasions, and cannot fail to make dints in people's minds, whereas the current printed criticism of the week runs lightly off the surface. "Press notices," as they are called, have no longer "boodle"* in them, if I may use a word the genius of Mr. Stevenson has already consecrated for all delightful use. The pen may, in peaceful times, be mightier than the sword, but in this matter of criticism of our contemporaries the tongue is mightier than the pen. Authors should remember this. Mr. Buchanan's temper would be sweeter than it is had he done so. Few authors fare better in ordinary talk than Mr. Buchanan, to whom justice as a poet, a novelist, and a dramatist is always done. I presume from his stormy outcry that he is not a favourite with certain critics who publish, but what harm have they been able to do him? You find him everywhere: in the cheerful playhouse, in the illustrated papers, on posters, in libraries. You can't have everybody on your side. Shakespeare had a contemporary who used to sneer at him in print.

The volume of unprinted criticism is immense, and its force amazing. Lunching last year at a chophouse, I was startled to hear a really im-

* See "*The Wrecker*," now running in *Scribner's Magazine*.

portant oath emerge from the lips of a clerkly looking man who sat opposite me, and before whom the hurried waiter had placed a chump-chop. "Take the thing away," cried the man with the oath aforesaid, "and bring me a loin-chop." Then observing the surprise I could not conceal that an occurrence so trifling should have evoked an expression so forcible, the man muttered half to himself and half to me: "There is nothing I hate so much in the wide world as a chump-chop, unless indeed it be" (speaking slowly and thoughtfully) "the poetry of Mr. ——," and here the fellow, unabashed, named right out the name of a living poet who, in the horrid phrase of the second-hand booksellers, is "much esteemed" by himself and some others. After this explosion of feeling the conversation between us became frankly literary, but I contrived to learn in the course of it that this chump-chop-hater was a clerk in an insurance office, and had never printed a line in his life. He was, as sufficiently appears, a whimsical fellow, full of strange oaths and stranger prejudice, but for criticism of contemporary authors: keen, searching, detached, genuine, it would be impossible to find his equal in the Press. The man is living yet—he was seen last week in Cheapside, elbowing his way through the crowd with a masterful air, and so long as he lives he criticises, and what is more, permeates his circle; for he must live somewhere; with his opinions. These are your gods, O Authors! It is men like these you have got to get at, and happily you cannot do it. It is their voices which swell the real chorus of praise or blame. They are untampered by hatreds, strangers to jealousy; your vanity, your egotism, your necktie, your anecdotes do not prevent *them* from enjoying your books or revelling in your humour, be it new or old, for they do not know you by sight; but neither will the praise of the *Athenæum*, or any newspaper, or the conventional respect of other authors save your productions, your poem, your novel, your drama, your collected trifles, from the shafts of their ridicule or the dust of their indifference.

But do we owe any duty to contemporary authors? Clearly we are at liberty to talk about them and their "work" as much as ever we choose—at dinner-tables, in libraries and smoking-rooms, in railway carriages (if we like shouting and do not mind being inaudible), in boats, at balls, in Courts of Justice, and other places, *ejus dem generis*, at Congresses (before, during, and after the speeches), and indeed everywhere and at all times, if we are so disposed and can find anybody to listen or even to seem to listen to us. Of this liberty we can never be deprived even by a veto of authors *ad hoc*, and, as already stated, the free

exercise of it is a far more important constituent in the manufacture of literary opinion than printed notices of books.

But though we are just as much entitled to express in conversation our delight in, or abhorrence of, a contemporary author as we are to bless or curse the weather, it cannot be said to be our duty to do so. No adult stands in a fiduciary relationship to another adult in the matter of his reading. If we like a book very much it is only natural to say so, but if we do not like it we may say so or hold our tongues as we choose.

But if we do not like an author or a book, is it right to say so in print as well as in talk? It would sometimes seem not. If there is an amiable critic on this planet it is Mr. Lang. The things he has had the courage and the kindness to praise might make a young man old. Yet the other day he was called Bludyer—yes, positively—Bludyer, because, poor man, he said in print a book of Mr. Barry Pain's did not make him laugh. It was thought a cruel thing. Here, men said, is Mr. Lang who has been tickling our midriffs all these years, and now, when young Mr. Barry Pain wants to make us laugh too, a most laudable design, and one worthy of all encouragement, here comes Mr. Lang with his soft music, and murmurs reproachfully that he has tried to laugh at Mr. Pain and can't. Suppose he can't. Let those laugh who can. If this is sound morals it comes to this, that a critic, in print—for nobody dare assert that in conversation Mr. Lang is not just as free to say what he likes about Mr. Pain's humour as he is about Mr. Gladstone's politics—may praise but must not blame his contemporaries, unless they are quite old and done up.

Such a conclusion, though probably unsound, is not absurd when we consider what small advantage ever proceeds from the hostile criticism of contemporary works of imagination and humour.

Suppose one dreamt (gentle reader, remember this is nothing but a dream) that there was one woebegone creature alive at this moment in this England of ours who cordially disliked, and shrank from, the poetry of Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Lewis Morris and Mr. Alfred Austin, who could not away with *Robert Elsmere*, *The Wages of Sin*, or *Donovan*, who abhorred the writings of Mrs. Lynn Linton, Archdeacon Farrar, and Mr. Shorthouse, who hated *Amiel's Journal*, *Marie Bashkirtseff*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, who found it easy and even helpful to live for six months at a time without reading a new novel by Mr. Walter Besant or Mr. Black, who failed to respond to the careful and often-repeated raptures

of those wise critics who assured him that the author of *Amos Barton* and *Middlemarch* cowers and crouches by the side of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith; who, when he wants to laugh very heartily indeed, does not take down the works of——but my list is long enough for a dream;—could you honestly advise that man to run amuck in print against all these powerful and delightful writers? What good could come of it? The good people who like a writer will not like him or her any the less because you don't. Reading is a democratic pursuit, else why are children taught it, very badly no doubt, out of the rates? Sensible men and foolish men alike resent being dictated to about their contemporaries. They are willing to learn about the dead, but they crave leave to lay their own hands upon the living. "Who set you up as a judge over us?" they cry, testily, when they are told by a perfect stranger that they ought not to like what they do like, and ought to like what they go to sleep over.

Schopenhauer, a man who hated much, in his *Parerga* fervently desires a literary journal which "should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, the everlasting deluge of bad and useless books." He proceeds (I am quoting from Mr. Saunders' translation): "If there were such a paper as I mean, every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster, would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand soon after publication."

It is an animated passage, and reeks of the shambles. How awkward for poor so-and-so, one murmurs whilst reading. But even were the thing possible I demur to the ferocity. There is no need to be so angry. A dishonest and lazy plumber does more harm in a week than all the poetasters of the Christian era. But the thing is not possible, as the robust sense of Schopenhauer made plain to him. He goes on: "The ideal journal could, to be sure, be written only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment, so that perhaps there could at the very most be one, *and even hardly one*, in the whole country; but there it would stand, like a just Areopagus, every member of which would have to be elected by all the others."

Who, I wonder, would elect the first member of this just Ruin? He would, I suppose, be nominated by the subscribers of the necessary capital, and would then proceed to gather round him, were his terms better than

his quarters, the good old gang we all know so well, incorruptible as Robespierre, not quite so learned as Selden, and with powers of judgment which can only be described as varying.

It is of course obvious that no journal, be its contributors who they may, can exercise criminal jurisdiction over bad or stupid authors. The hue and cry has before now been raised at the heels of a popular author, but always to the great enrichment of the rascal. The reading community owes no allegiance, and pays no obedience to the critical journals, who, if they really want to injure an author, and deprive him of his little meed of contemporary praise and profit, should leave him severely alone. After many days, were they to look for him, they would not find him.

The principles of taste, the art of criticism, are not acquired amidst the hurly-burly of living authors and the hasty judgments thereupon of hasty critics, but by the study, careful and reverential, of the immortal dead. In this study the critics are of immense use to us. Dryden, Addison, Gray, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Bagehot, Swinburne, reveal to us their highest critical powers not whilst vivisecting a contemporary but when expounding the anatomy of departed greatness.

Teach me rightly to admire Milton and Keats, and I will find my own criticism of living poets. Help me to enjoy, however feebly, Homer and Dante, and I will promise not to lose my head over Pollok's *Course of Time*, or Mr. Bailey's *Festus*. Fire my enthusiasm for Henry Vaughan and George Herbert, and I shall be able to distinguish between the muse of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal and of Miss Christina Rossetti. Train me to become a citizen of the true Republic of Letters, and I shall not be found on my knees before false gods, or trooping with the vulgar to crown with laurel brazen brows.

In conclusion, one may say that though authors cannot be expected to love their critics, they might do well to remember that it is not the critics who print, but the reading community whose judgments determine an author's place amongst contemporary writers. It may be annoying to be sneered at by an anonymous critic in the *Saturday Review*, but it is quite as bad to be sneered at by a stranger in a railway carriage. The printed sneer may be read by more people than overheard the spoken sneer, but printed sneers are not easily transferred in their original malice. One may enjoy a sneer without sneering.

Authors may also advantageously remember that we live in hurried times, and enjoy scanty leisure for reading, and that of necessity

the greater fraction of that leisure belongs to the dead. Merely a nodding acquaintance with Shakespeare is not maintained without a considerable expenditure of time. The volumes with which every man of ordinary literary taste would wish to be familiar can only be numbered by thousands. We must therefore be allowed time, and there is always plenty. Every good poem, novel, play, at once joins and becomes part and parcel of the permanent stock of English literature, and some time or another will be read and criticised. It is quite safe. Every author of spirit repudiates with lofty scorn the notion that he writes in obedience to any mandate from the public. It is the wretched, degraded politician whose talk is of mandates; authors know nothing of mandates, they have missions. But if so, they must be content to bide their time. If a town does turn out to meet a missionary, it is not with loud applause but with large stones.

As for the critics, the majority of them no doubt only do what they are told. It is a thousand pities the habit of reviewing so many new books in the literary papers has become general. It is a trade thing. Were a literary paper to have no advertising columns, do you suppose it would review half the new books it does? Certainly not. It gets the books, and it gets the advertisements, and then it does the best it can for itself and its readers by distributing the former amongst its contributors with the request that they will make as lively "copy" as they can out of the materials thus provided them. The reviews are written and printed; then begins the wail of the author: My reviewer, says he, has not done me justice; his object appears to have been, not to show me off, but himself. There is no sober exposition of *my* plan, *my* purpose, *my* book, but only a parade of the reviewer's own reading and a crackling of his thorns under my pot. The author's complaint is usually just, but he should remember that in nine cases out of ten his book calls for no review, and certainly would receive none on its merits. The review is not written for those who have read or intend to read the book, but for a crowd of people who do not mean to read it, but who want to be amused or interested by a so-called review of it, which must therefore be an independent, substantive, literary, production.

What a mercy it would be if the critical journals felt themselves free to choose their own subjects, new and old, and recognised that it was their duty to help to form the taste of their readers and not merely to pick their provender for them or to promote the prosperity of publishers, which, as a matter of fact, they can no longer do.

The critics who publish, were they left to themselves, would be found praising enthusiastically all they found praiseworthy in contemporary effort. Even now, when their tempers must be sorely tried by the dreary wilderness in which they are compelled to sojourn, it is marvellous how quick they are to sniff the fresh, blowing airs of genuine talent. It is slander to say that present-day critics are grudging of praise. They are far too free with it. Had they less hack-work, they might by chance become a little more fastidious; but even if this were so, it would only increase their joy, delight, and satisfaction in making the discovery that somebody or another—some Stevenson, some Barrie, some Kipling—had actually written something which was not only in form but in fact a new book.

Fiery souls there would no doubt always be who would insist, on occasions, in rushing out to strike the shield of some many-editioned living author, and defy him to mortal combat. An occasional fray of the kind is always an agreeable incident, but a wise editor would do his best to control the noble rage of his contributors, bidding them remember the words of John Keats: "The sure way, Bailey, is first to know a man's faults, and then be passive."

The time and space liberated by giving up the so-called criticism of bad and insignificant books could be devoted to the real criticism of the few living and the many dead classics; and, as one does occasionally get a little weary of the grand style, with arguments and discussions about smaller folk. If basting there must be, let it be the basting of the brainless compilers, the plagiarists, the sham philosophers, and the languishing poetasters of the past. Dead donkeys are far more amusing than living ones, and make much better texts for fierce critics than men with wives and families dependent upon them. The vagaries of great authors have often done harm in their generation; the follies of small ones, including the supreme and most visible of all their follies, that of thinking themselves great, have never harmed a human creature.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

INTER-ASTRAL COMMUNICATION.

TOWARDS the end of July a lover of astronomy wrote me that a very aged lady, Madame Guzman, who died on June 30th last, in Pau, had been deeply interested, especially during her last years, in the descriptions of the planet Mars which I have given in my works, and the theoretical possibility set forth therein of communication between our planet and the neighbour worlds. Furthermore, expressing in her will a desire peculiarly astronomical, she made the following legacy :—

"A prize of 100,000 francs is bequeathed to the Institute of France (Science Section) for the person, of no matter what nationality, who shall discover within ten years from the present time a means of communicating with a star (planet or otherwise) and of receiving a reply.

"The testatrix has especially in view the planet Mars, upon which the attention and investigations of *savants* have been directed already. If the Institute of France does not accept the legacy it will pass to the Institute of Milan, and, in case of a new refusal, to the Institute of New York."

The Academy of Sciences has accepted the legacy. Such a discovery, doubtless, does not lie in the near future, therefore the testatrix was wise in authorising the Institute to apply the income of the fund to meeting the expenditure for investigations that should result in increasing our knowledge of the physical construction of the planets.

I confess frankly that I am very proud of having contributed indirectly to this addition of 100,000 francs to the capital of the Academy of Sciences, designed to encourage astronomical research, and I hope that some day the legacy will reach its destination.

But it is far from the cup to the lips, from the idea to the reality.

To enter into communication with the inhabitants of Mars it would be necessary to photophone them : "Hullo ! are you there ?"—and then

it would be necessary that they should be there—and that they should understand.

Mars already communicates with the earth by attraction and by light. The space which stretches between the worlds does not separate them; on the contrary, it unites them. All the stars touch each other by the attraction of gravitation, and neither Venus, nor Mars, nor Jupiter approaches the earth, even at a distance of millions of leagues, without our planet feeling it and being displaced by sympathy. And light also throws a bridge from the earth to the heavens. Astronomers analyse these two kinds of communication. What we long for now, and what probably will come to pass some day, is a more subtle means, a means more human.

The idea in itself is not at all absurd, and it is, perhaps, less bold than that of the telephone, or the phonograph, or the photophone, or the kinetograph. It was first suggested with respect to the moon. A triangle traced in luminous lines on the lunar surface, each side from twelve to fifteen kilomètres long, would be visible from here by the aid of our telescopes. We observe details even very much smaller, for instance, the peculiar topographical formation noted in the lunar circle of Plato. It follows, then, that a triangle, a square, or a circle of the dimensions stated, constructed by us upon a vast plain by means of luminous points, reflected in the day-time by solar light and lighted at night by electricity, would be visible to the astronomers of the moon, if such astronomers there are, and if they have optical instruments as good as our own.

The logical consequence is most simple. If we should observe upon the moon a correctly constructed triangle, we should be somewhat puzzled, we should distrust our eyes, we should ask whether the chance of lunar formations could have given birth to a regular figure. Without doubt we should in the end admit this exceptional possibility; but if, all at once, we should see the triangle change into a square, then, some months later, be replaced by a circle, we should admit, logically, that an intelligible effect proves an intelligent cause, and we should think with some reason that such figures reveal without question the presence of a geometrician upon the neighbour world.

From this point to seeking the reason for tracing such figures on the lunar surface, from this to asking ourselves with what object our unknown brothers formed these designs, is but a step very quickly taken. Would it be with the idea of entering into relations with us?

The hypothesis is not unreasonable. People set it forth, or discuss it, or reject it as arbitrary, or defend it as ingenious. And why, after all, shouldn't the inhabitants of the moon be just as curious as we are, more intelligent, perhaps, more elevated in their aspirations, less hampered than we in the mire of material needs? Why shouldn't they suppose that the earth may be inhabited as well as their own world, and why shouldn't the object of these geometrical appeals be to ask us whether we exist? Besides, it is not difficult to reply. They show us a triangle; we reproduce it here. They trace a circle; we imitate it. And lo! communication is established between the heavens and the earth for the first time since the beginning of the world.

Geometry being the same for the inhabitants of all the worlds, two and two making four in every region of the infinite, and the sum of all the angles of a triangle being equal to two right angles everywhere, the signals thus exchanged between the earth and the moon would not have even so much obscurity as the hieroglyphs deciphered by Champollion, and the communication once established would speedily become regular and fruitful. Besides, the moon is but two steps from here, and the distance of 384,000 kilomètres is only thirty times the diameter of the earth, and many a country letter-carrier has made as long a journey on foot during his life. A telegraphic despatch would get there in a second and a quarter, and light takes no greater time in leaping over the distance. The moon is a celestial province annexed by nature herself to our destiny.

The cold and deathly aspect of our pale satellite did not encourage the realisation of the project, and the imagination sped more easily to the planet Mars, which, to be sure, never approaches nearer to us than 4,000,000 leagues, but which is the best known of all the lands in the heavens, and which offers so many points of resemblance to our world that we should scarcely feel like exiles if we were to pack up our household goods and transport them thither. The appearance of Mars, in fact, comforts us a bit for that of the moon. One would believe, indeed, that one was in some terrestrial country; continents, seas, islands, beaches, peninsulas, capes, gulfs, lakes, clouds, rains, floods, snows, seasons, winter and summer, springtime and autumn, days and nights, mornings and evenings—all these are there, occur there, and succeed each other almost exactly as they do here. The years there are longer, for they last 687 days, but the intensity of the seasons is absolutely the same as with us, the inclination of the axis of Mars being the same as the earth's.

The days there are also a little longer, since the diurnal rotation of that world is accomplished in twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes and twenty-three seconds; but, as you see, the difference is not great, and note, that is matter of exact knowledge: this diurnal rotation, for instance, is calculated nearly to one-tenth of a second.

When on a beautiful starry night we examine this world through the telescope; when we see these polar snows that melt in the summer, these continents clearly defined, these mediterranean seas with their great gulfs, this delightful and varied geographical configuration; we cannot refrain from asking whether the sun that lights this world as it does our own shines upon nothing living there, whether these showers fertilise nothing, whether this atmosphere is breathed by no living being, and whether this world of Mars, which whirls with such rapidity through space, is like a railway train travelling empty, without passengers, without merchandise? The idea that the earth on which we are could take its course as it does about the sun without being inhabited by any manner of creature, seems so inconsistent that it is difficult to entertain it. By what permanent miracle of sterilising the forces of nature, which act there as they do here, could they remain eternally inactive and unfruitful?

It is understood, then, that we must apply to the planet Mars the idea originally suggested in regard to the moon. The distance of this world is such that although it is far superior to the moon in volume, it yet appears, when it is nearest to us, to be 63 times smaller. Nevertheless, it is clear from this that a telescope of only 63 magnifying power shows Mars with the dimensions that the moon appears to have to the naked eye; and that a magnifying power of 630 gives it a diameter ten times greater than that of our satellite as seen by the naked eye, and a surface a hundred times greater.

But if we ever attempt to put into practice any project whatever for communication between this world and our own, the signals must be established upon a much greater scale. It will not be a matter of constructing triangles, squares, and circles measured by a few kilomètres, but the figures must be a hundred or more kilomètres in extent, and always upon the hypothesis: first, that Mars is inhabited; secondly, that the inhabitants are versed in astronomy; thirdly, that they have optical instruments of sufficient power; fourthly, that they observe our planet with care, a planet which is to them a splendid star of the first magnitude, the morning or the evening star, and, in fact, the

most brilliant star in their sky. We are, indeed, for them "*l' étoile du berger*," or our Venus, and their mythology ought to erect altars to us.

Do you find this quadruple hypothesis acceptable?

If we should put the question to the vote before all the people in the world, there is no doubt as to what the reply would be. Without troubling ourselves to seek the opinion of the natives of Central Africa, or of the islands of the Pacific Ocean—addressing ourselves only to the numerical majority of the population of Europe, it would be safe to wager that they would not even understand the question; for the majority of men do not know that the earth is a planet and that the other planets are earths.

And there is the good sense, the great, good common-sense that reasons so accurately in accordance with its education.

"We are, without any doubt," it says, "the most intelligent beings in creation. Why should other planets have the distinguished honour to be endowed with intellectual worth like ours? Should anybody even admit the existence of men similar to us?" There is no doubt, one might remark, that the most highly civilised nations of the earth do not know how to conduct themselves, that their intelligence is exercised chiefly in killing each other, in ruining one another each for his own profit, that they discount the future like blind men, like fools, that neither thieves nor assassins are rare among them. "But," this aside, "we are evidently very superior beings, and truly, it is not probable that upon the myriads of worlds that gravitate in the immensity of space Nature has been able to give birth to intelligent beings of our own form.

"Why, then, ever try to begin an optical correspondence with the world of Mars? If it is inhabited the inhabitants could not be possessed of our force, and the labour would be wasted. Further, even should they see our signals they would have no idea that we were addressing them. Therefore let us never begin."

Note again what we said above. The will of the venerable lady of Pau shows us that the idea is making progress in the human mind, and is ceasing to be considered as purely imaginative. Moreover, Mars is truly tempting. Its geography, climate, the mouths of its great rivers, its immense canals offer themselves to us like invitations to be not too disdainful of this neighbouring country. Older than the earth, smaller, lighter in weight, more quickly cooled, it is farther advanced than we in its astral life, and everything leads us to believe that its intelligent races, whatever they are, are far superior to us.

But, it may be said, why do not they themselves begin to try to enter into relations with us ?

It is by no means proved that they have not done so.

Look at the maps published by M. Schiaparelli, of Milan (of whom the testatrix has been equally thoughtful): you will see there the geometrical triangulations which gave rise, very naturally, to the idea that they should not be regarded as wholly foreign to some rational design. Further, men have sometimes observed luminous points which appear placed very regularly. It is probable that these points represent mountains covered with snow. However, if our neighbours wanted to address us, they could not do better than to trace lines of this kind. The supposition is a bold one, I confess; doubtless, these cousins of the sky concern themselves about us no more than we concern ourselves about them; but, in a word, if they should do so, they could go about it in this way.

It will always be more difficult for us to send signals to them than to receive signals from them, because of our position in space and because of our phases. It is the nocturnal terrestrial hemisphere that is turned towards the planet Mars in the periods when we approach most nearly to it, and it shows us in full its lighted hemisphere.

From here we can perceive upon Mars tracts of land of the size of Sicily. In fact, good instruments admit of recognising either luminous spots on dark backgrounds, or dark spots on luminous backgrounds, that measure one half second, that is to say, one-fiftieth of the diameter of the planet at the period of its closest proximity to the earth, or abou 137 kilomètres. These same instruments enable us to distinguish luminous lines upon an obscure background, or dark lines on a bright background, measuring only a quarter of a second, or about sixty-eight kilomètres in breadth. We make out these configurations, whose extent does not surpass that of Iceland, of Sicily, of Italy, the Adriatic, or of the Red Sea. Mr. Asaph Hall, of the Observatory at Washington, who discovered the moons of Mars, and measured them as well as possible considering their extreme smallness—they do not exceed three or four one-hundredths of a second (true, these are brilliant detached points upon the dark background of the sky),—he himself alluded to the proposal of which we have been speaking, that is, of attempting communication with the moon by the aid of geometrical figures, and he concluded with these words: "It is by no means a chimerical project." If the inhabitants of Mars could observe us by the aid of methods giving results

analogous to ours, we should then have to trace by electric light geometrical figures of a rather large extent.

It would not be very, *very* difficult to try it. It would be throwing some millions into the sea—instead of throwing them into barracks. Europe ought to be able to come to an understanding for such an attempt. But the result, sublime as it might be in itself, is so contingent, and it would be so hampered by the deplorable conditions of our own atmosphere (on Mars there is almost always fine weather), that it would be almost fastastic to enter upon the path without a convenient exit at hand. It would be what they of the seventeenth century called "a philosophic amusement," but to-day life passes too quickly, and we no longer have the time to solve the impossible.

Let us not forget, however, that in the history of progress the impossible of yesterday becomes the reality of to-morrow. The method of inter-astral communication, if ever one be discovered, will probably not resemble any of those that we can think of now.

May not inter-astral magnetism play a part?

All are familiar with the new idea of the great American inventor, Edison. Experimenting not long ago with a telephone line of great length, supplied with a complete metallic circuit, the inventor often noticed strange sounds in the apparatus that could not have arisen from anything but terrestrial magnetism. As at this period solar eruptions were frequent and of great violence, he did not hesitate to correlate the two orders of facts. Later, making magnetic observations near the Ogden mine, his property in New Jersey, he verified at various times the sharp and relatively considerable deviations which confirmed him in his former opinion. Moreover, that a correlation does exist between the solar phenomena and magnetic disturbances upon the earth is beyond all doubt to-day. From the beginning Edison had resolved to pursue his studies from this point of view, and he thinks he will attain his end by following the method in which the Ogden mine plays the leading part. This mine is formed of an almost compact mass of magnetic iron, 1,600 metres long by 120 broad, which extends downwards to an unknown depth. A conductor strung upon poles winds fifteen times about the mine, and the ends of the thread of this gigantic coil are brought to a telephonic observatory placed at one of the extremities of the lode. The great inventor is convinced that his apparatus will enable him to verify the formidable movements of which the sun is the theatre, to judge of their intensity, and, adds the

interviewer to whom he gave these details, to hear the noise which accompanies the tremendous solar tempests.

At first sight such an assertion seems extraordinary. It is, indeed, well established that sound cannot be propagated in the entire absence of a material medium, solid, liquid, or vaporous, and it is not less well established that between the earth and the sun, beyond our atmosphere, such a medium does not exist. Furthermore, if sound could be propagated from the sun to the earth, following known laws, it would take at least thirteen years to traverse the distance. We could not then make comparisons between the sounds perceived and the sun spots without referring to observations made here about thirteen years ago.

But the sounds heard by Edison through his telephone are due, according to all appearances, to terrestrial magnetic disturbances. If we admit that these may be no more than the consequences of phenomena of the same order that take place in the sun, the sound would be transmitted electrically in a manner analogous to that that passes over our telephone lines: the impossibility disappears.

We must hope, then, that the arrangements at the Ogden mine are preparing us for important revelations. Let us pray that it will be so, and also that a *savant* will arise capable of interpreting them.

The daily oscillations of the magnetic needle, magnetic intensity, the declination and the inclination, the number and splendour of the auroræ boreales, are related to the spots and the eruptions on the sun. Every great solar phenomenon has its counterpart in the manifestations of terrestrial magnetism in spite of the 149,000,000 kilomètres which separate the earth from the sun. There is a suggestion in this that should not be overlooked in our reflections. Then, we know nothing of the nature of astral magnetism. By this gate, it may be, we enter upon an avenue that is immense and full of surprises. Let us not shut our eyes. The sphere of our conceptions will increase with the progress of science.

Very surely the problem of inter-astral communication will not be solved to-day, and centuries yet will doubtless pass before we can think of it as practicable. But perhaps it will come some day through a new and unexpected discovery. Even the idea of discovering the chemical composition of the stars was declared absurd by Auguste Comte and other great thinkers a few years only before the analysis of the spectrum suddenly caused this revelation to fall from the sky. The lens is a marvel; before it was known people had no idea of anything in

astronomy or micrography. The electric telegraph is another marvel which has transformed the world: and may there not exist between the planetary humanities psychic lives that we do not know of yet? We stand but at the vestibule of knowledge of the Universe. Let us not believe that there is only an eternal Utopia in the very sensible hope that some day we may enter a little further! Excelsior!

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

HE who takes up the pen of the chronicler for the first time in any series of chronicles must appreciate the reasons which led them of old time to begin from the creation of the world. I have no predecessor in the December number of the NEW REVIEW to give me my starting point in noticing the most noteworthy books of the early winter season of last year. That season, however, began rather later than usual, and few really important books appeared till well into November. One or two which did anticipate that time must receive notice, for they are still "new books" even to the reader most avid of novelty. There was the magnificent edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Poems* (George Allen), which—if its letterpress be not much more than noticeable as a curious instance of extreme precocity in verse at ten years old and of tailing-off to merely commonplace and imitative facility in it at five-and-twenty—is one of the most beautiful books (as books) recently published, at least in its quarto form. Yet another earlier book of the season, but one which presented itself with no attractions of ornament, or of curiosity derived from its authorship, was Major Wingate's most important and remarkable *Mahdiism and the Egyptian Soudan* (Macmillan). There is, indeed, much hidden in its bulky and numerous pages which is full of interest for the general reader—the heroic story of the death-fight of Hicks Pasha, when, last of his European companions, with every chamber of his revolver empty and simply sword in hand, he drove the Baggara ("cow-herd") horsemen before him, so that they were dubbed by their own comrades "Baggar Hicks" ("the cows driven by Hicks"), till he was speared by the Khalifa Mohammed; the first full history of the agony of Khartoum; the extraordinary story of the death by a chance shot of King John of Abyssinia at Galabat and the instant dispersion of his victorious army; the wild legend of Sheikh Abu Gemaizeh and his fairy commissariat—these and not a few other

things are food for everybody, even the merest reader for pastime. But the book is simply indispensable to every military and political student, owing to Major Wingate's position in the Egyptian Intelligence Department and the patient care which he has used in compiling his materials. Very much shorter, and very much more readable as a whole, was Mr. Hannay's *Life of Rodney* (Macmillan), of which one thing may be said with confidence—that its description of the great sea fight off Dominica yields to nothing similar in English for the combination of minute accuracy of detail and picturesque composition of effect. It is deplorable to think of the hands in which our naval history, inferior in interest and glory to no history in the world, has, with rare exceptions, been left hitherto and is partly left now. To return to poetry, the late Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave's singular and fragmentary *Vision of Life* (Macmillan) can hardly be recommended to seekers after amusement, but it is an excellent diving pool and mining pit to persons who like poetical exploration, as, I confess, I do. Less athletic exercise and more voluptuous delight may be found, by others or the same, in two admirable selections of poetry which appeared about the same time—Mr. Lang's *Blue Poetry Book* (Longmans) and Mr. Henley's *Lyra Heroica* (Nutt and Methuen), the former a general, the latter a special, collection of the best things in English verse. Both are supposed to be intended for youth. Both, like all good things intended for youth, will probably be best savoured by youth which has ceased, but not forgotten, to be youthful.

In biography proper, one of the most delightful and, if not the most difficult to do well, yet the least frequently well done of literary work, nothing of the first interest has appeared this season, though the present Bishop of St. Andrew's *Autobiography* (Longmans), and the *Memoirs of Dean Burgon*, by Dr. Goulburn (Murray), have contributed yet more to the illustration of Oxford life during the middle of this century, a subject which has already had much illustration and deserved it. If the most interesting things in Bishop Wordsworth's reminiscences were put together they would make a singularly attractive little volume, while nobody who ever knew the sometime Vicar of St. Mary's will need to be informed that it was practically impossible to write a dull book about Dr. Burgon. He was probably the oddest person (using the adjective deliberately in the sense of personal quaintness which is perfectly guiltless of affected eccentricity) of his generation, and his oddity did not exclude solid merit and talent.

Between these two appeared two other books which stood midway between biography, travels, and military history—Mr. Parke's *Experiences in Equatorial Africa* (Sampson Low and Co.) and Mrs. Grimwood's *Three Years in Manipur* (Bentley). Both were written with an almost entire absence of professional literary skill, and both had what such an absence rarely but sometimes confers, the effect of leaving unusually pleasant impressions both of the book and of the writer, impressions not unlike those produced by natural and unliterary letter-writing of a good kind. Mr. Parke deserves the praise of having written the pleasantest by far—perhaps the only really pleasant—volume of the not inconsiderable library which relates to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and anyone who can appreciate pluck and judgment, displayed not "with battle-axe and hurtling catapult," but with half-rations, apparently hopeless difficulties, and hundred-grain doses of quinine, will feel most distinctly inclined to bestow an Order of Merit on the writer. Mrs. Grimwood wisely steered clear as far as she could (naturally she could not steer clear altogether) of the military disasters and puzzles connected with the incomprehensible event wherein her husband lost his life. Indirectly she threw not a little light on it. The greater part of her book, however, was occupied with a lively and decidedly curious description of the life of Europeans resident in a part (practically, if not technically and pedantically) of the British Dominions and yet for long periods entirely cut off from English or European society. She has brought very pleasantly before us the Arcadian life of this (as it seemed to be before it became tragic) comic little State, with its polo and its water parties, its flowers, its island-studded lake, for all the world like the drop-scene of a theatre, its complaisant if occasionally turbulent princes, its revolutions in a teacup, its rivalries between persons of Royal order for the hand of a goldsmith's daughter in the fashion of a sort of audacious plagiarism from Mr. Gilbert. How, alas! the comic opera became a tragic reality, for no discoverable reason except the reason of most bad things—well-meaning human stupidity—everybody knows; but the earlier and more agreeable incidents were only known to a few people before the latter and more disagreeable drew attention to them. Of these Mrs. Grimwood has given an account all the more graphic because of its entire lack of pretension.

To me, and, I hope, to a good many others, one of the most interesting features of the season in books has been the exceedingly pretty and desirable edition of Peacock's novels (Dent and Co.) which Dr. Richard

Garnett has begun, and of which *Headlong Hall*, *Melincourt*, and, perhaps, by this time, *Nightmare Abbey*, have appeared. It was very difficult to get the original editions of Peacock, and though the collection which Mr. Bentley brought out fifteen years ago was very convenient for reference, its volumes were a little large and heavy for carrying about. Now, Peacock is one of the most companionable of writers, and all the more suited for the pocket that you can read snatches of him at odd times with far greater satisfaction than if he were read "for the story." I only hope that this capital little edition will make him known to all who ought to like him—in which case, though the sale will not exactly equal that of *Proverbial Philosophy* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the publishers will be rewarded for their pluck. But as a humble Peacockian I most earnestly dissuade anybody who does not naturally like Peacock from attempting to do so. It is impossible. You are born a Peacockian, or an anti-Peacockian, or Peacockishly neutral, and yielding, as the chemists say, no Peacockian reaction either way. Nor by any efforts shall you get out of either of these states. Let me add that Dr. Garnett's brief and unpretentious introduction adds a relatively considerable amount to our previously very scanty biographical information about Peacock. It is almost a pity that the edition should not include the miscellaneous writings, or, at least, a new selection from them: for some at least of the verse which is not in the novels is admirable, and more than one of the essays charming.

In the same week, and I think on the same day, there appeared two remarkable examples of a much abused but still abundant variety of literature—the "series" book—Mr. Traill's *Lord Salisbury*, in the series of the Queen's Prime Ministers (Sampson Low and Co.), and Lord Rosebery's *Pitt*, in the series of Twelve English Statesmen (Macmillan). Why do people abuse series books? As the writer of some I have persistently endeavoured to find the reason, and as the reader of many I have failed completely to find it. In the spirit of the bird of Pallas, I should be disposed to think and say that a good series book is not one whit less good, and a bad series book not one jot more bad, than a book of equal goodness or badness which has appeared out of a series. Both the books just mentioned are most unquestionably good, and the differences in subject, in treatment, in the special qualifications and political views of the writer, and in other ways, make them an agreeable pair to read in close succession. Mr. Traill's, as it was practically bound to be by the laws at once of literature and good manners in the

case of a living subject, is mainly a political sketch, with a strong and connected streak of argumentative criticism running through it—a sketch executed with complete frankness and impartiality, written in the style which the French call *serré*, with abundant touches of a humour which is equally quiet and cutting, and with a grasp of recent political history which I have not often seen equalled. That I happen to agree with Mr. Traill's views would be likely, I think, to make me rather a severe than a partial judge ; for in such cases there is always the temptation to think, "Oh, bother this fellow ! How much better I could have done it myself." In this case I am quite sure that I should not have done it nearly so well, and I do not suppose that anyone, whatever side he may take in politics, can doubt the value of a connected presentation from one consistent point of view of recent events and the action of living politicians ; for the piecemeal references to such matters which even the best informed and most honest journalist can afford to make (not to speak of those which journalists who are neither honest nor well informed can permit themselves) are terribly misleading, though they are often the only sources of information possessed by the average reader. Lord Rosebery had a very different task, and has done it hardly less well. Although Pitt's career has in part ceased to be of "burning" interest, his relations to the Irish Question, to what is called "Jingoism," and to democracy, have recently made the ashes remarkably hot again. Lord Rosebery handles them with a great deal of spirit, and with a combination of fidelity to his own party and indifference to mere partisanship which is very pleasant to see. No one has ever done more justice to Pitt's patriotism or has laboured more good-naturedly to clear the pilot that weathered the storm from the charge of being rather a priggish pilot, with a lack of human characteristics and a considerable superfluity of donnish ones. Yet I tremble to think of Lord Rosebery's brief on this head if there had not luckily been available that story of young Napier's about blacking the Prime Minister's face. He has used it almost as skilfully as Sir Fitzroy Kelly did the ever-famous apple-pips. He does not, I think, anywhere grapple with the adversary's charge that Pitt, out of mere hatred to womankind, acted as an amateur bulldog at Cambridge. But, indeed, very few of his readers are likely to have heard of it.

For the benefit of the lovers of cats and nonsense (they are generally, if not universally, identical), I must be permitted to mention a delightful book, issued not long ago by a young firm of publishers

(Lawrence and Bullen), one of whom was very well known as an editor before he became an *éditeur*, and edited (which, say little birds, is equivalent to written) by a much older hand in letters and with the line, Mr. W. J. Linton. *Catoninetales* is the name of this work, and it is attributed to "Hattie Brown, a young lady of colour lately deceased at the age of fourteen." But I am unable to obtain any certain intelligence of Hattie Brown, and do verily believe that there was never any such person. The epic of *Catoninetales* relates in due fyttes of verse and a little prose the losing of the nine lives of a black but comely beast. It is printed on white buf comely paper, and delectably illustrated. It is a pity that Southey did not live to read it.

It remains to note some novels, or things of novel kind, after the reading of which (a test I can recommend as thoroughly *probatum*) I have not felt the necessity of instantly reading a chapter of *Esmond*, or *The Antiquary*, or *Pride and Prejudice*, or *Vingt Ans Après*, to restore the tone and recomfort the animal spirits. And first let me mention the English version of Señor Valera's *Pepita Jimenès*, translated anonymously but very well, with a short introduction by Mr. Gosse (Heinemann). Like everybody else, I had heard of this famous novel for many years, but I had never come across it in any language before. There is no doubt at all that it is one of the best stories that have appeared in any country of Europe for the last twenty years. The excellence of the manners-painting may perhaps strike one "more than [critical] reason" because it is somewhat unfamiliar; there can be no such disturbing influence in judging the characters. The skill with which the hero and his not in the least *niais* innocence are drawn is prodigious, and the slighter but not less characteristic and rather unexpected figure of his father deserves hardly less commendation. Nor, though the heroine can hardly be said to appear directly at all save in the central scene, is she less ingeniously presented to the reader. There is no mistake about this book. It is not possible to speak so decidedly of *Esther Vanhomrigh* (Murray), which deserves, however, high praise for the ambition of its aim and the talent (unsuccessful, I think, but still great) which Mrs. Woods has bestowed upon it. It seems to me (though I believe most critics do not agree with me) to place her in a higher rank than her previous work did. The fault—the fault certain beforehand, fatal, irretrievable—was the choosing of a famous and very difficult historical and literary passage for the main canvas of the story. This never has been done, and I dare swear never will be done, successfully, because the laws

both of art and nature are against it. Another noteworthy book is Mr. Du Maurier's curious venture of *Peter Ibbetson* (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), which I confess to have taken up rather in fear and trembling. It would have been really a pity if the creator of "*my* dog," which "liked *bones*" and divers other agreeable things, had "tripped in roads of alien art," as people will do. This Mr. Du Maurier has certainly not done, though it is as difficult in this case as in that just mentioned to congratulate him on a complete success. Books supposed to be by or about madmen or pseudo-madmen have had a habit, from *Matthew Wald* downwards, of not being complete successes. And though a book is none the worse necessarily for being nondescript, it may be a little too nondescript. There are at least two books in *Peter Ibbetson*—one after the manner of Thackeray, made up of very pleasing reminiscences, in a phantasmagoric kind, of Paris and London thirty or forty years ago; the other after a fashion partly Bulwerian, partly Hawthornish, a spirit-novel of double life. There are also other things, to wit, very agreeable illustrations, in which that immortal hound appears again, and the coats and the hats that we know, and in the earlier part a quite delightful fight between a truculent French plebeian and a boy in an Eton jacket. Lastly, in another book still more elaborately produced by the same publishers, Mr. Oscar Wilde's *House of Pomegranates*, let me note what seems to me the best thing Mr. Wilde has yet done—"The Fisherman and his Soul"—in the text, and the ingenious idea of including beautiful but almost totally invisible designs among the illustrations. They may be a little suggestive to the older generation of the famous picture of "Cologne Cathedral in the Dark." But the fact is that by taking much thought (and a *Lampe Belge*) you can see them, and then they are very pretty.

But I have forgotten to mention the book of the kind which has given me most pleasure for months past—Mr. William Morris's *Story of the Glittering Plain* (Reeves and Turner). I have been told (I do not know with how much truth) that Mr. Morris in his youth amused himself by translating the whole of the huge French *Lancelot*. This would to some extent, though not wholly, account for the extraordinary facility with which he manages the prose romance. This *Story of the Glittering Plain* differs only in the medium employed from the best chapters of *The Earthly Paradise*, and I am not sure that the loss of rhythm and rhyme is not, to some extent, made up by the greater ease and elbow-room gained by the story-teller. At any rate, to me the book

is pure delight. I intend, with the permission of the Fates, to read it regularly once a year and burn a copy of one of the works of Mr.—— the reader may fill up the name) in its honour at each solemnity.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE DRAMA.

ABOUT the Comic Muse one may have two opinions, counting the others—as Elliston counted the fish at Charles Lamb's dinner-table—"as nothing." She is the Vanishing Lady. Or she is the *femme incomprise.* We may talk, with Hazlitt, of the decay of modern comedy. We do not know precisely what comedy is. For my part, I always think enviously of that legendary spectator at the first performance of *Les Précieuses Ridicules,* who rose from his seat with the cry, "Courage, Molière, voilà la véritable comedie!" He at least, it seems, knew what comedy really is. I cannot help wishing he had imparted his knowledge through the ages: first, to myself, and next, to Mr. Pinero. For then, perchance, I might have stood up boldly on the first night of *The Times* and shouted, "Courage, Mr. Pinero!" instead of feeling myself discouraged, disconcerted—shall I add, disgusted? No, for disgust would be too lavish an expenditure of emotion on a work which Mr. Pinero entreats may be considered unpretentious. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, as in the celebrated case of Dr. Fell, I did not like *The Times,* though it would perhaps be an impertinence to ascribe my dislike to the same inscrutable reasons.

Mr. Pinero unhesitatingly tickets *The Times* a comedy. Your host opens a bottle of champagne, labelled '84. On sipping it, you conclude that it is corked, or that it is not '84, or that it is not champagne. Mr. Pinero's wine has every vinous quality save the one thing needful. It is pellucid, it sparkles, it has an aroma; but it does not exhilarate. I conclude that there has been some mistake about the label. For, whatever other purposes are served by comedy, its main end, I submit, is exhilaration. Historically, of course, it seems easy to controvert this proposition. *Georges Daudin* does not exhilarate. Nor does *The Taming of the Shrew.* But these instances really prove my case. For it is in evidence that people did once find the spectacle of befooled and

thwarted husbands, or of wives sent supperless to bed amid the cracking of whips, exhilarating. We of to-day have ceased to be cruel—to vary Colonel Newcome's favourite Latin tag, we have mollified our manners, and do not permit ourselves to be fierce—and we expect comedy to purge itself of cruelty. Now, Mr. Pinero is cruel.

If he were a realist, scalpel in hand, laying bare (in his own phrase) some horrid social wound, his cruelty might pass. But he is not. He has not the vivisector's excuse—such as it is—for cruelty. He is a fantasist. All the personages of *The Times*, except the merest subalterns, are exaggerated caricatures. And they are cruel caricatures, because it is their weaknesses which have been uniformly exaggerated and their redeeming features which have been uniformly left out. Take Mr. Percy Egerton Bompas, typical self-made man and protagonist of the piece. He has risen from nothing to the ownership of fourteen shops, a house in Grosvenor-square, and a seat in Parliament, which he hopes to convert into a social stepping-stone. There must be good points about the real Bompas. Commercial success is not a fluke. He must have energy, courage, dexterity, knowledge of the world, brain-power of a sort. Snob though he may be, he cannot be an ass. Mr. Pinero's Bompas is both snob and ass. In the House his party only consult him on the quality of the table-linen in the dining-rooms. His wife turns him round her little finger. To conceal his son's unfortunate marriage he lends himself to an imposture which any man of commonsense would see was doomed to failure from the first. He is also a brute. He bullies his wife, is a bad father, a blusterer, a coward. In fact, he is not a human being, but a stage-personification of what in Ben Jonson's day they would have called a "humour"—the very ugly "humour" of meanness and vulgarity. Compare this crude, artless study of the modern self-made man with the Poirier of Emile Augier. It would, of course, be unfair to Mr. Pinero to push the comparison too far, for *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* is a classic, a masterpiece, a κτημὰ ἐς ἀεί. But one need not be so unreasonable as to pit Mr. Pinero against Augier in an all-round match. The only point I would insist on is that *Poirier* is a true comedy, and *The Times* is not—quite apart from any difference of literary execution—because Augier was careful to avoid an error of treatment which it was equally within Mr. Pinero's competence to avoid, had he so chosen. Fundamentally, Augier's story is quite as uncompromising a picture of meanness and vulgarity as Mr. Pinero's. You have a young girl, the victim at once of her husband, an aristocratic scamp, and her

father, a low-born, purse-proud snob. There is not a pin to choose between father and son-in-law in the matter of rascality; the one brags of his honesty and the other of his honour; but Poirier does not scruple to give his daughter to a spendthrift and bankrupt, nor does the Marquis scruple to be false to his wife, while pocketing her fortune. As it stands, this would be no comedy; it would not exhilarate. But the error which Augier has avoided, and which Mr. Pinero has not, is the error of leaving out the redeeming features. The Marquis is made so airily impertinent (the quality would be better described by Homer's untranslatable word, ὕβρις), so witty, so devil-may-care; there is so naïve a vanity, such savour, raciness and strength of character in Poirier, that you overlook his essential baseness in a dominant sensation of something genial, joyous, exhilarating. In a word, Augier, unlike Mr. Pinero, is not cruel to his personages.

It may be replied that to omit the redeeming features of a character is only a mode of simplification—the simplification which is one of the inherent necessities of all art, and particularly of the art of the dramatist, whose work is so rigidly conditioned by limits of space and time. Granted, but it is, I submit, the wrong mode; the dramatist's business is to simplify by epitomising, not by mutilation. If the drama ignores the complexity of human nature, it ceases to be an imitation of life. And I think we may fairly ask Mr. Pinero to deny himself an expedient which was shown over two centuries ago to be suspect. There is a short but significant passage in *La Critique de l'Escole des Femmes* which puts the case against the simplification of Bompas's character in a nutshell. Lysidas thinks the character of Arnolphe should have been homogeneous:—

> Puis que c'est le personnage ridicule de la pièce, falloit-il luy faire faire l'action d'un honneste homme?

No, replies Dorante, men are heterogeneous:—

> Il n'est pas incompatible qu'une personne soit ridicule en de certaines choses, et honneste homme en d'autres.

But, again it may be replied, Bompas's character *is* heterogeneous; the "personnage ridicule" of the three first acts does become "un honneste homme" in the last. To this I would retort, in the first place, that Bompas only becomes honest on compulsion, when he sees that the game of imposture is up. In renouncing his social ambition, he is only making a virtue of necessity. Secondly, you do not attain

heterogeneity of character by the mere juxtaposition of two homogeneities. You cannot isolate the Mr. Hyde in a man from the Dr. Jekyll—except by Mr. Stevenson's magic white powder, and then you have at once drugged yourself out of comedy into romance. No, Mr. Pinero has simplified Bompas illegitimately—and cruelly.

Like father, like son. We see nothing but the Mr. Hyde aspect of Howard Bompas. He is a loathsome homuncule, who, if he were in the least like the Oxford undergraduate he pretends to be, would almost compel Oxford men to let it be supposed they hailed from Cambridge. Can I say more than that? The minor figures, the lady journalist, the Irish widow and her daughter, are alike odious. True, in the case of Miss Cazalet, we are allowed to think for one moment that she is going to be relieved by a touch of humanity. This is the moment of her repentance for having libelled the Bompas family in *The Morning Messenger*. But any chance of absolution she may get from us on this score is promptly removed by Mr. Pinero's apparently wanton introduction of a hint that she is a *fille-mère*. This is eminently characteristic of Mr. Pinero and of the whole tone of the play. His cruelty to his personages is evidently a deliberate policy.

All this is not to say that *The Times* is an inconsiderable bit of work. One may regret a certain want of heart in Mr. Pinero, but there is no want of head. In sheer intellectuality there is none of our dramatists to equal him. The dialogue of the play is excellent stage-dialogue—happily free from that luxuriance of trope and metaphor which is this author's darling sin; and in the character of the Hon. Monty Trimble he has given us a real addition to the dramatic stock. Monty is observed, fresh, a thing of sheer delight. And it is, of course, quite fair of Mr. Pinero's apologists to point to the necessity of fitting a certain actor as the explanation of Bompas's too homogeneous, too monochromatic character. But is the explanation an excuse? I may have to accept the inevitable, but I am not bound to like it.

Turning to *The Crusaders*, I am once more in my old uncertainty about the attributes of the Comic Muse. For, Mr. H. A. Jones's play also, I see, is labelled "comedy." Comic it undoubtedly is—genuinely comic, for it exhilarates—so far as the story of the London Reformation League is concerned. But the love-story of Cynthia Greenslade and Philos Ingarfield, which is a "principal subject," as the musicians would say, of the piece and no mere episode, is serious drama. If this were a mere question of names it would be futile pedantry to raise it; but I

think it is here a question of things, as well. Comedy and serious drama may exist together, as we see from innumerable instances, of which, perhaps, *The Merchant of Venice* is the most obvious. But this is on condition, that they grow naturally out of one another, form parts of the same organic whole. Now, in Mr. Jones's play the two themes, the love theme and the reform theme, are unrelated. Philos and Cynthia might have played their parts of love, fidelity, waywardness, and self-sacrifice in any other *milieu* than that of the London Reformation League. We pass alternately from one theme to the other, a layer of satirical comedy being sandwiched between two layers of passion-drama. The spectator is asked suddenly to suspend his interest in the intrigue of Cynthia with Dick Rasper in order to watch a quarrel between two *protégées* of the League, or to repress his eagerness to learn whether Philos will sacrifice his own good name for Cynthia's in order to laugh over the pessimisms of Mr. Philosopher Jawle. Hence an irksome sense of interruption, a lack of unity of impression. And observe that it is not only the integrity of the whole which suffers, but the symmetry of the parts. In developing the humours of the various types of social wire-pullers, Mr. Jones has not the time to explain the character of Cynthia. In shifting the interest to the self-sacrifice of Philos, he has

> ". . . . left half-told
> The story of Crusaders bold."

At the risk of seeming inconsistent, I must impute his comparative failure, in part at least, to his attempt to observe that very law—shall I call it the law of "heterogeneity"?—which I thought Mr. Pinero mistaken in breaking. He has laudably determined that Cynthia shall not be homogeneous, the conventional spotless heroine, but a mixture of good and bad, the Virgilian *varium et mutabile femina* in fact, affectionate but inconstant. May I hazard the suggestion that a complex character of this kind requires more careful exposition and minuter elaboration than Mr. Jones has bestowed upon his Cynthia? Her sudden change from the earnest sincerity of the first act to the cynical waywardness of the second takes us by surprise. So does her equally sudden fall into Philos' arms at the final curtain. The fact is that in remembering the law of "heterogeneity" Mr. Jones has forgotten another law (spoken of in the book of the prophet Sarcey), the law of "preparation." That is to say, he has had excellent intentions, an entirely right ideal, but has been tripped up through inattention to a little grovelling matter of stage-craft

—like that old friend of our school-days, the philosopher in Æsop, who, keeping his gaze fixed too steadily on the stars, tumbled into the ditch. This comparison, by the way, should increase, rather than diminish, our respect for Mr. Jones. It is better to tumble into a ditch through star-gazing than to make straight for it in order to wallow in it complacently. I mean that if Mr. Jones's serious drama fails of its full effect because of the author's effort to broaden, enrich, complicate his art, then is his defeat more honourable than the cheap success of the playwright who has relied upon the bad old expedient of unnatural, Procrustean simplification.

In examining the element of satirical comedy in *The Crusaders* it is more than ever necessary to distinguish. Comedy it is, excellent comedy—"Courage, voilà la véritable comédie!" the playgoer might shout at the Avenue with perfect assurance; but as satire it is, I fancy, a little wide of the mark. The cause of moral reform is not nowadays engineered by romantically distraught "Shelleys from Peckham Rye," or by Egerias who rhapsodise about the moon. The "poet" and his "Muse" belong rather to the *Nuits* of Musset than to the *Soirées* of the Fabian Society. One surmises that any real London Reformation League would consist of people like the compilers of the existing London Programme, hard-headed lawyers, prosaic politico-economists, men of affairs, Vestrymen without the Vestry mind—all worthy persons, but not dreamers of dreams, not romantic, eminently unpromising material, in short, for the dramatist. As for Mr. Burge Jawle, diverting as he is, one cannot help remembering that philosophers have ever been the chosen victims of the playwright since Socrates was maltreated by Aristophanes, and it is now sufficiently clear in that typical case that it was not the satirist who had right on his side, but the butt.

Two minor plays, *Lord Anerley*, produced by Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's, and Mr. Bronson Howard's *Brighton*, happily revived by Mr. Charles Wyndham, after ten years of inexplicable neglect, suggest each a problem which would have delighted the Schoolmen or the seventeenth-century experts in moral casuistry. First problem: If you personate another man and ultimately find that, owing to having been changed at nurse, or to some kindred device, you have actually been that man all along, are you an impostor or are you not? Be that as it may, you are, it seems, qualified to figure as the eponymous hero of a drawing-room melodrama. Second problem: To